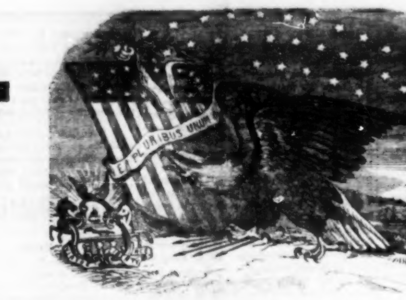
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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Choice Poetry.

THE TOWER OF THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Not with a quiet mournfulness,
  Not with a calm decay,
The strong house of the Bloody Heart
  Passeth from earth away.
The ivy hath not clasped it round,
  The fern hath found no hold,
Nor doth the wall-flower 'mid the clefts
  Her dusky stars unfold.

No herb is there; but like a sword
  By long neglect sore rusted,
The tower of grim Lord Archibald
  With yellow moss is crusted.
And many a stain of wind and rain
  Marks granite sill and door,
Like the dull dark spot no time may blot
  Of the fearful days of yore.

And down upon the winding stream
  It frowneth, stern as ever,—
As tho' the walls had sworn, no time
  Their pride and them should sever.
Like the old lords, as stern as they,
  Who first their courses laid,
Who days of good and evil chance
  Both in one balance weighed.

About, the fields are bright with corn,
  And green the lea-land spreading
Along the banks were murmuring Dee
  His tranquil course is threading;
And, mingling with the river song,
  As slow the sunbeams fade,
Come sounds from distant farms, whose roofs
  Broad sycamores o'ershade.

Yet, over all the quiet scene
  Doth that old Presence lift
Its brow so dark, where Time his mark
  Hath set, in seam and rift;—
The sunset gildeth tower and tree,
  The fields are spreading fair,
But a Shadow, stern and iron-bound,
  Haunteth the fearful air.

The shadow of long perished years,—
  Of the swarthy chiefs of old,
Who loved the castle on the rock,
  The grey house on the wold.
Better, they said, beneath the sky
  To list the laverock's song,
Than in stately hall to bide a thrall,
  'Mongst gay and lordly throng.

Still are they lords of that old tower—
  And in the twilight gloom
You scarce may dare to linger there,
  Lest the Black Douglas come,—
Lest on the topmast bartizan,
  Against the glimmering sky,
The banner of the Bloody Heart
  Be lifted, silently.

And, till the topmost stone be low,
  Till the high walls meet their fate,
In the lonely castle of the Thrieve
  The earls shall keep their state.
They held its dark strength long ago,
  They hold it still to-day—
Never in Scotland yet were seen
  More mighty lords than they!

R. I. K.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

No, Magdalene had no pride for him. The prejudices of his aristocratic education, the haughtiness of his heart, the superciliousness of his manners gave her no offence. That deportment which, in another person, would have repulsed her at once and forever, in him, by a strange fatality, attracted her constantly. The secret was, perhaps, *this*—Magdalene had a high self-appreciation, great personal pride, and in her heart she felt that this arrogant Englishman valued her as highly as she estimated herself—that it was only her *position* he despised, and in her perfect justice she excused him of this, because *she despised it herself*. She felt, too, that those two passions, which were fast becoming the masters of her soul, were indivisible—that she could not have love with all her heart, one who did not meet her aspirations after social eminence.

Magdalene arose late in the morning. She found the family assembled in the breakfast room, and only waiting for her appearance before sitting down to the discussion of their coffee, muffins, etc. Soon after breakfast, Virginia, attended by Sir Clinton Carey, went out to fulfil an engagement; she had previously invited Magdalene to go with her, but Magdalene, ruled by a wild, irrational hope, preferred to remain at home. Judge Washington and Joseph, or Mr. Carey, as we should call him, were engaged in the study of the former. Magdalene was the only occupant of the drawing-room, and through the long hours of the day she watched and waited with a sickening heart. Every carriage that approached the house, every knock at the door aroused her expectation, and then disappointed her. It was, now, cards left for Miss Washington and *Miss Mountjoy*, and now a footman, or a gentleman coming on business to Judge Washington.

Virginia returned late in the afternoon, asked one hurried question of the servants, received an answer in the negative, then sought Magdalene in her chamber, and silently and fervently embraced her. A week previous, Virginia had been invited to a party that was to come off this evening. She now proposed to send an excuse and remain at home, to pass the evening with Magdalene. But Magdalene would not consent to this arrangement. The Judge himself disapproved it, and so Virginia went, attended, as usual, by Sir Clinton Carey. Magdalene passed another sleepless night, and another anxious day. The next morning being the third after the night of the Governor's reception, Virginia remained at home with Magdalene. The hour was early, and they had not yet "dressed to receive calls," when a servant came up stairs and placed two cards in the hands of Miss Washington. Virginia looked at them with surprise and displeasure. They bore upon their enamelled surface the names of—MRS. SWAN, THE MISSES SWAN; Magdalene's near relatives, and yet no card had been left for *her*. Virginia impatiently cast the cards into the grate, where they were soon shrivelled up in the flames, and burst into tears of mingled grief and rage. To all Magdalene's inquiries, and efforts at soothing her, Virginia answered not a word, but—"I am sick and tired! yes! disgusted and worn out! with this city life. I wish to return to Prospect Plains!" and this, with trifling variations, she repeated some twenty times, while sobbing passionately. And when her fit of crying was quite over, and she had wiped her eyes, she said,

"Yes, indeed, Meg, I am weary of English baronets, and Governor's nieces, and Senator's ladies, and 'lighted halls,' and sounding music, and nodding plumes, and glistening jewels, and dressing, and visiting, and balls, and levees, and concerts, and plays, on and off the stage, and feverish nights, and languid mornings!—oh! very, very weary indeed! If Satan does not angle for my soul with some more attractive bait than 'society,' he well never get it, surely! I want to go back to the country, to old father Hawk, and Bruin, and Gulliver, and the negroes, and the poultry. Oh! how I wish this 'winter in town,' which *smells* so of lamp oil and musk, which they call light and perfume, as if it were sunshine and violets! and *tastes* so of rancid cream and stale eggs, disguised with essences, which they call 'ices!' and *looks* so like Vanity Fair! and *feels* so like—nay, I have no simile for what it *feels* like!"

Virginia resolved that she would not, at any one's request, return the call of Mrs. Swan and her daughters.

The next week the fashionable world at Richmond were thrown into great excitement by the rumor of a ball to be given at the gubernatorial mansion, and in the course of a few days notes of invitation arrived for Judge Washington, Miss Washington, Sir Clinton, and Mr. Carey—*none for Magdalene*. Upon this occasion Virginia wished to send an apology for declining the invitation, but the Judge said to her—

"We cannot, my love, do anything for Magdalene by resenting this—a slight put upon her most likely by the jealous fears of the *ladies* of the family, who would at once lose their rank in the household, and perhaps their dowers too, were the Governor to acknowledge and take home his only grand-daughter, Miss Mountjoy. No, General Mountjoy received Magdalene with favor, I think—he has been immersed in business for days past, he knows nothing of this neglect on the part of the ladies of his family. To-morrow the Governor leaves town, not to return until the day of the ball,—which you must attend, Virginia; but after that I will myself call on him on Magdalene's behalf."

Very reluctantly Virginia consented to attend this ball. Very regretful she felt to leave Magdalene—now so grave and stern—at home. Before setting out, she came in, looking beautiful and brilliant in her light blue satin dress, with a wreath of white rose-buds in pearl and emeralds, encircling her graceful head. She cast her arms around Magdalene, and pressing her to her bosom, said—

"If I go, Magdalene, it is for your sake, indeed it is. I would not offend those proud Swans. General Mountjoy has just got home, and father intends to wait upon him to-morrow, for the purpose of having an interview with him! Oh! you know, Magdalene, that no one can withstand Judge Washington in a good cause! You know that it was mainly attributable to my father's—your guardian's great exertions, that General Mountjoy was elected. So, you see, a word from him must—! Oh! Magdalene, I shall yet see Miss Mountjoy placed above all these people who have dared to slight her! Good-night, dear Magdalene!" and kissing her, Ginnie vanished from the room.

Magdalene's hopes were raised again. Could her grandfather fail to be influenced by the opinion of so esteemed a man, and the advice of so valuable a political adherent as Judge Washington? Yet he might! What would "to-morrow"—the second "to-morrow" of her great anxiety develope? It was not social position alone—it was all her soul's dearest hopes that were at stake. Again the night was passed without rest, and Magdalene arose in the morning bed excited, fevered, almost ill.

Judge Washington kept his promise in going to see General Mountjoy, and the long hours of his absence were passed in the greatest anxiety by Magdalene and Virginia. It was near noon when he returned, with a grave and disappointed expression of countenance. Virginia sprang to meet him; opened her mouth to speak to him; but the Judge, placing his hand upon her lips, stopped her, and passing up to Magdalene, took her hand, bent and kissed her brow, and said—

"I have undisputed possession of you now, Magdalene. You are henceforth my daughter."

That was all that was ever said of his interview with Governor Mountjoy.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARTING.

And canst thou think because we part
  Till some brief months have flown;
That absence e'er can change a heart
  Which years have made thine own?

The end of the season approached. Joseph had passed a triumphant examination, and had been admitted to practice at the bar. Judge Washington had presented him to many of his friends, men of great influence; he had also taken for him a suit of handsomely furnished rooms in a private lodging house kept by the widow of one of his own old classmates, and thus having seen him in every way comfortably provided, he prepared to take his family back to Prospect Plains. Virginia, from the first, had heard that they were to leave Joseph in town, but Ginnie was predisposed to merriment and happiness and the bright side of things, occupied with many novelties, and interested in Magdalene's fortunes, so she did not anticipate any trouble so far off as the parting with Joseph at the end of the season. When this parting came, however—when the cart packed with the strapped and corded trunks, and drawn by stout mules, had rolled away from the back gate of the house, and the carriage was drawn up before the front door, the family in travelling dresses were assembled in the hall, and Joseph standing there, the only one to be left behind—Virginia took leave of him at first with little show of emotion; but after Magdalene had kissed him, the Judge and Sir Clinton Carey had shaken hands with him, and she herself was about to be handed into the carriage, Ginnie suddenly broke away, flew back, cast her arms around the neck of Joseph, and, regardless of all eyes upon her, buried her face in his bosom, and gave way to a violent burst of grief. Joseph raised his eyes once to Judge Washington, as much as to say, "Let me! trust me!" and then folded Ginnie in his arms and pressed his lips upon her brow.

"Come, my love," said the Judge, when a full minute had elapsed, and—

"Good-bye, dearest sister," said Joseph, trying gently to put her away; but Ginnie buried her face in his bosom and clung desperately around his neck—now realizing, for the first time, what it was to part with Joseph.

"Come, come, my dear child," said the Judge a second, a third time, before Ginnie, amid convulsive sobs, whispered to Joseph,

"Take me to the carriage yourself. I am getting so weak! Put me in, Joseph! Don't leave me till the carriage rolls off. Then stand in the door until it is out of sight, and I will look from the window as long as I can see you, dearest Joseph!"

Joseph lifted her in his arms and set her within the carriage.

"God bless you, Joseph! Oh! *God bless you, Joseph!*" she said fervently, and this she repeated many times aloud, while waving her handkerchief from the window as long as she could see him, and many times in her heart, after the carriage had rolled out of the city. Virginia fell back in the corner of the carriage and wept behind her veil. Magdalene held and pressed her hand from time to time, but abstained from other attempts at soothing her. Judge Washington and Sir Clinton Carey from delicacy, policy, or both, refrained from noticing her, but entered into some earnest, political conversation, carried on in a low tone. At the little town of Warsaw, where they stopped to dine, Ginnie could eat nothing. At Heathville, where they stopped to sup and to sleep, Ginnie entered her chamber, leaning heavily upon the arm of Magdalene, upon whose bosom she lay awake and weeping all night. To all Magdalene's words of condolence and consolation, she would answer—

"Oh! Lena! I did not know how it would be till I felt it! I did not *dread it!* but now I feel as if one half my life was gone! My whole heart and frame is sinking, Lena, and my head throbs so dreadfully! Is there anything in the world worth so much suffering?"

The next morning her eyes were highly inflamed, and her temples hot and the veins beating fast and full. Judge Washington was alarmed. He could not at first decide whether to remain where they were for the present, or to hurry home with all possible expedition. He determined on the latter course, as they were within a short day's journey of Prospect Plains. They arrived early in the evening of the fifth of March, and Virginia was lifted from the carriage and conveyed immediately to bed. Dr. McArthur was sent for, but, as is usual, when a physician is much needed in the country, he could not be found. All night long Judge Washington and Magdalene watched by the bedside of Ginnie, whose brain struggled fearfully between reason and frenzy. She would fall into a fitful, feverish sleep, and hear loved tones in her dreams, and starting out of them would ask—

"Was that Joseph who spoke? Have we turned back? Are we at *home?* (*the city house was home now,*) and then a burst of violent sorrow would prove that full reason had for the moment returned. In the morning Dr. McArthur came, and by his skillful treatment, the fever was abated, and the threatened inflammation of the brain prevented.

"This will soon be over, sir! These ardent and sanguine temperaments, who feel and express emotion so violently at first, soon expend their force and recover. Your little daughter will not kill herself now, as she has not done it already," said Dr. McArthur to the Judge, who had made a confidant of him.

The event proved his words to be true. Yet Virginia was confined some days to her room—during which time, Sir Clinton Carey had received letters, that summoned him to an interview with the British Minister, at Washington; and he now intimated his intended departure.

Magdalene! The stream of her external life had flowed on tediously and monotonously enough for the last two or three months, since her rejection by her grandfather. But hurriedly, troubledly, continually passing through new, various, most bitter, and humiliating experiences, and making new revelations, had thundered the onward current of her soul.

Magdalene stood before her easel, but her subject, "The Death of Marmion," did not grow beneath her hand. She mused—What could be the meaning of Sir Clinton Carey's singular manner towards her? Her experience in life, nor her reading, gave her a solution of the mystery. His manner towards her was that of an absolute neglect, or oversight. Even in Richmond, he had never noticed any word or act of hers—never addressed his conversation to her—never by word or gesture, given the slightest recognition of her existence; yet—how often in the drawing-room, even when it was full of people, and he and she were separated by the width of the apartment, would she meet his dark eyes fixed full upon hers with—what language? How much they said! What love, what reverence, what confidence they expressed and inspired! How distinctly, how forcibly, how eloquently, those eyes said—"Believe in me, Magdalene! I love you! I venerate you! but I must not seem to see you! Aye, Magdalene! wonder at me, if you will but believe in me! love me!" Thus she read them, and so she dreamed and wondered, and believed, and loved. The very inexplicability was the maze that drew the imagination and the heart of the doomed girl, more swiftly, surely, fatally, into the whirlpool. She abandoned herself to the delirium of this new joy of life. She knew her own pride and ambition—she knew his unbending arrogance; yet excited and intoxicated, blinded and bewildered, she never feared how all this might end. Her plans were all foregone now. There was no more ennui; no more emptiness, weariness of life; no more vague longings after—she knew "not what;" no! all feelings, thoughts, desires, hopes, ambitions, aspirations, were merged in one great want, love! "Oh, yes!" she thought, "I *have* wanted many things—wealth, luxury, rank, fame! but now, now I wish for nothing but love! one exclusive love! the whole heart's love of one man. All wants are swallowed up in that! And despite his icy, stubborn indifference—despite his studied neglect and scorn, I *must* win it! I *will* win it! Oh, hungering and thirsting—yes! starving and fainting for this love—I *will* have it, though it were the very forbidden fruit, whose taste is death! Ah, to be loved once! to be loved once exclusively, even though to die with the memory in my heart!"

During the last few days of his stay at Prospect Plains, his conduct had become still more inexplicable. His manner from being merely neglectful, had become coolly, quietly insolent. He even called her "Magdalene"—not affectionately as the bosom friend of his cousin, but superciliously, as he would have called Miss Washington's maid "Coral." Nay, more—he asked small services of her with perfect *nonchalance*—as, to hand him his gloves, hat, or cane, and would frequently offend Virginia—who was now able to come down stairs and take a walk in the middle of the day—by sending Magdalene for Miss Washington's shawl, or bonnet, etc. Even this cool impudence did not offend, discourage, or daunt Magdalene. I repeat, that she had no pride where her affections were concerned. It is written "Perfect love casteth out fear." It is true also, that perfect love casteth out pride, as well. She felt, besides, that she was quite worthy of him—that he must love her when he knew her well—that he must love her even as she loved him, when he should know her mind and heart, as they could only be known in the intimacy of domestic life. All this time, with that refined intuitive tact which is not guile, but which so closely resembles it—that exquisite tact by which some women are enabled to mould themselves to the ideal standard set up by the man they love; Magdalene appeared, or really became the model of all that Clinton Carey most worshipped in woman. Nevertheless his manner towards her, as I said, became daily more arrogant and inexplicable—and indeed, it was only by his seeming indifference, that Magdalene could maintain her self-possession at all; for if he chanced to speak to her in a softened tone, her heart trembled, her voice failed, and her whole face was suffused with blushes.

The day at length came for Sir Clinton Carey's departure. He had taken leave of the family the night previous, in order to set out before sunrise to meet the stage at St. Leonard's. Since Virginia's illness, Magdalene had had exclusive superintendence of household affairs, and was usually the first one astir of the family. Upon this morning, she had risen by daybreak, for two reasons—firstly, because she had not slept all night, and secondly, because, away down in the bottom of her heart, unguessed—at least unconfessed by herself—lurked a wish to see Sir Clinton Carey once more before his departure. She entered the wainscoted, crimson-furnished parlor which, from its light oak pannels and thick curtains, as well as by the remaining fire of the previous night, was comfortably warm, though dark and obscure. Magdalene stood upon the hearth, with her brow bent forward, and resting upon the mantel-piece, in that attitude of sombre thought peculiar to herself. The servants were not yet astir, the house was very quiet, when she heard the door swing gently open, a step advance into the room, and Sir Clinton Carey was beside her. She had expected, wished for his entrance, yet now a consciousness of that wish, like a feeling of guilt, oppressed her,—she, the strong and self-possessed, turned sick with faintness and fear, as she raised her eyes to his countenance, and bowed her morning salutation.—What was in that countenance to send all the blood from her cheek, and bring it back again in a rush? He looked at her in the face a moment, intently, and, dropping upon one knee, took her hand. Yes! *he*, the arrogant, coldly-contemptuous man, whose scorn of her had, more than any thing else on earth, galled her proud spirit with a sense of her humiliating position—he was kneeling at her feet, holding her hands, raising his eyes to hers with such a soul of earnestness—yes, of *agony*, piercing through their fire!

"Magdalene!" he said, and the very *tone* of music, of eloquence, spoke volumes,—"Magdalene!"

She was very much agitated, her voice utterly failed her, after saying,

"Rise! oh, rise!" while she impulsively closed her hands upon his, as though she would have lifted him. He only dropped his head an instant upon those hands, and shuddered through every limb.

"Magdalene! my Worship! my Terror!"

"Up, up, for Heaven's sake, up!" she struggled to say.

"Nay, my Queen, nay!" he said, lifting up his head. "Even *here* will I make my confession! *here*, at the feet of her whom I have worshipped, seeming to scorn! Magdalene! from the first moment I met you—do you remember it?—it was not in what might be called a picturesque or an interesting position—it was in the evening, in the drawing-room, before the lamps were lighted; you were standing before the fire, but had stooped to tie your shoe, or, perhaps, to pick up something, when I approached you—raising your eyes, they met mine in a first full gaze—and, Magdalene, those full dark eyes of thine struck at once the whole "electric cord" of my being—I trembled to the very centre of my heart! It was so dark that you could not see it! You spoke and welcomed me, and, Magdalene, your voice had the same strange, thrilling spell as that of your glance! Since that, Magdalene, my whole being has tended strongly, irresistibly, fatally, towards you. Magdalene, I sought, by avoidance of you, by repulsion of you, to counteract, or, at least, to weaken, the centripetal power of your spirit over mine. Magdalene, I have dared to look on you, to speak to you but few times during our acquaintance, and even *then* my whole soul has been shaken as by a storm. Yet ever, Magdalene, have you been at my side—sleeping, waking, by night, by day, have you haunted, maddened me! Magdalene! my Destiny! I was about to depart and make no sign! *You* have willed it otherwise. Be it so! But now listen! It is vainer than vanity!—my love and yours! I am poor, even *very* poor, Magdalene! My Christian father, offended by my freedom of thought and opinion, disinherited me as far as he could, and left the whole of his estate to my younger brother—leaving me only the barren title of which he could not deprive me. Yes, Magdalene! I am poor, and so are you! I am ambitious, and so are you! We must *both* reach eminence, or, rather, you and I must *each* 'achieve greatness,' but not *together!* Magdalene! much as we love each other—for I will not affect ignorance of *your* heart—much as we love each other, we should be each fatal to the ambition of the other!"

During this speech, Magdalene had assumed that sovereign self-possession which none but he possessed the power of disturbing. Withdrawing her hand, she was about to say, "Sir Clinton, I thank you for your candor," but, meeting his eyes, so eloquent with love, sorrow and reverence, she said, as speaking beside herself—for how else should she have forgotten her maidenly reserve—she said, softly,

"I think you are mistaken; why should we not command success together? If it were not so—if each can only succeed apart from the other—is not the price of such success too high to pay?"

"That is the logic of youth and womanhood, dearest Magdalene!"

"It is truth!"

"Perhaps so; yet a truth you would hate me for following, ten years hence! And, Magdalene," he said, turning very pale, "I am affianced to another!"

Magdalene clenched her hands, and compressed her lips, and her brow became livid, as she said,

"Then, *why* this address to me?"

"Why did you throw yourself in my way this morning, Magdalene? Nay, do not reply—we were both impelled by a power stronger than our own sense of right!"

"*I was not*—you must know this," said Magdalene, making a great effort to subdue her emotions, and speak clearly; "you *must* understand this! I am incapable of doing any thing I believe to be wrong! My bosom's judge acquits me in this instance! But you!—you are pledged to another, yet you do not love her!"

"No—I love only Magdalene!"

"Does your betrothed love you?"

"No, she loves another!"

"Both false or both inconstant!" said Magdalene, bitterly.

"Thou child! this engagement was concluded upon by others, before we had ever seen each other."

The countenance of Magdalene cleared.

"Does *she* know of this betrothal?"

"No."

Magdalene's brow was irradiated—she was about to speak, when the door opened, and, Prince appearing within it, said,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but your horse has been saddled half-an-hour, and the stage leaves St. Leonard's at seven o'clock."

"Not a moment to lose, Magdalene! Farewell!—farewell!" he said, pressing her hand to his lips an instant, and then he was gone.

Her face was radiant, even after he left her.—

"I will win him yet! He loves me! I always felt it, and now he avows it! He shall not commit the sin of—while he loves another—marrying a girl he does not love, and who also loves not him, but some one else!—thus making four people unhappy! No! by the very strength of my soul he shall not do this! I can wait, wait! I do not care how many years of time, or miles of sea and land may sever us! This heart is mine, and I can wait!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAIDEN'S FIRST SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

"Now in thy youth beseech of Him
  Who giveth upbraiding not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim,
  Nor His love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
  Beauty, and greenness, and strength to thee!"
Bernard Barton.

Though the first violence of Virginia's grief at parting with Joseph had abated, yet her cheerfulness had by no means returned. She missed the intimate associate of her infancy, childhood, and youth every hour. Her very home seemed desolate without him, and all else that remained to her as valueless as the ninety-nine sheep in the wilderness seemed to the shepherd who left them for the sake of the one that was lost. After the departure of Sir Clinton Carey, she seemed somewhat less depressed; she resumed her usual avocations; took her alternate weekly charge of the housekeeping, and always kept a supervision over the house, the garden, the dairy, and the poultry-yard; but her lively interest in all these things had flagged; very wearily she performed these duties. Her bloom had departed with her vivacity. One day her grandfather found her on her return from her favorite bantam chicken-coop—leaning with fatigue or pensiveness against the gate post, her straw hat hanging off behind her head, and the little basket of coarse ground corn hanging heavily from her tired hand. It was such a picture of weariness, sorrow, and self-abandonment, in one so young and artless, that her grandfather looked on her with a moistened eye, as he said, within himself—

"It is not the love sickness of a sentimental school-girl. It is not love-sickness at all. It is the lonely sister's pining for her cradle-brother. Virginia!" he said, aloud.

"My dear grandfather," she answered, looking up.

"What is the matter, my love?"

"I was thinking of Josey, father, and—I do not feel strong—that is all," she said, drawing her basket upon her arm, putting on her hat, and turning to open the gate.

But the Judge, with that stately suavity of the old-school manner, which ever blended the courtesy of the gentleman with the affection of the relative, intercepted the motion, and taking her little basket, and drawing her arm within his own, led her towards the house.

"Will you pass an hour with me in the library, Virginia?"

"Certainly, dear grandfather."

"Come then," he said, and led her thither. A little bright fire that the fresh spring day required, was blazing on the small hearth. Judge Washington placed Ginnie in the easy-chair, laid away her little hat, and drawing his elbow-chair to her side, said—"Give me your confidence, my child. You have no mother. Speak to me freely, my Ginnie."

Virginia wiped away the tears that began to fall from her eyes, and said—

"I miss Joseph so much, father, that is all. The place does not seem the same without Joseph."

"And *you*—you do not seem the same."

"That is so. I feel it is wrong, but I cannot help it—persons do not seem the same to me. Now that Joseph is gone, I do not take comfort in any one that is left behind as I ought. I do not love any one here as I ought. Is it because my heart is desolate?"

"What has become of your faith in the universal efficacy of prayer, my child?"

"I have it yet, father. I *do* pray. If I did not, I should die; for I am not a strong girl, father. My life and gayety was not strength, not energy, not fortitude, father—only vivacity—as different from sound, well-founded, all-enduring cheerfulness of heart—as—as a blaze of stubble-straw is from a bright, lasting fire of solid hickory logs. And the quickness of intelligence, for which I have been overpraised—it is not force of thought—only swiftness of apprehension—as different from strength of intellect, as the fitful flashes of lightning are from the ever-shining stars! No, father, I am a weak girl in mind and body—*very* weak—and I feel it so much, now that Joseph is gone. I feel as though a support were taken from me, and I should fall, and if I did *not* pray, father, I *should*—and perhaps I should die."

"Listen to me, my dear Virginia! I am going to tell you a deep—and sage—truth. That feeling of desolation, Virginia! it comes to all, many times in life, no matter how happy their position may be—and most of all, it comes to earnest souls—it is a visitation from Heaven. Virginia—it is a providence of God—it is intended to call up the soul that neglects its higher life. Yes, Virginia, there are times in the lives of all, even of the most loving, and the most happy—when neither luxury, wealth, fame, nor love; neither mother, nor father, nor brethren, nor sisters, nor wife, nor children can satisfy the soul—when the soul, even in the midst of the truest surrounding affections, feels a complete desolation, which she endures in solitude, in silence, as though it were some guilty secret—until, perhaps, indeed, the affections die in the desert. If that soul, at that stage of its experience, would lift itself fervently, earnestly, perseveringly to God—not by going down upon the knees formally, but by raising the heart!—she would find that the love of God would meet her with a blessing. She would return with strengthened faith, renewed love, refreshed hope, and her friends would be dear to her again, and her possessions valued again. Yes, Ginnie, our dearest affections and best enjoyments require constantly the renovating sunshine and dew of Heaven to keep them alive and blooming through a long life. When the soul is wearied even unto death, with everything in the world, let her go to God for rest and renovation, and she will return with a new gift of life—a new capacity for enjoyment—an almost child-like zest for the blessings of life. Dearest child, I wish I could impress this upon your heart. You think that you do not love me or your friend Magdalene now. It is only because your bosom is filled with sorrowful regret. Pray, my Ginnie, and the regret will be softened, and the love fully restored."

"I *have* done so, father, and have been sustained—I *will* do so—and I believe that I shall be restored."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ADOPTED CHILDREN.

Leave us not—leave us not!
  Say not adieu!
Have we not been to thee
  Tender and true?

Too sad our love would be
  If thou wert gone!
Turn to us, leave us not,
  Thou art our own.
Hemans.

As time passed, Virginia regained her health and cheerfulness, and became once more zealously interested in her household affairs. About once a fortnight they received letters from Joseph Carey, every one of which gave evidence of his success in his profession, as well as of his continued regard and undying gratitude. At last, however, came a letter to Judge Washington, marked "private." He took it away to his study, opened and read it. It began by informing him that the writer, though then in the high current of prosperity, determined to abandon his profession, believing himself to be the subject of a Divine mission to carry Christianity and civilization to the heathen—the Light of Life to nations that sat in darkness; it concluded by expressing a hope that his dear friend and patron might approve the mission to which he was so strongly attracted. Judge Washington pondered on this letter sometime before replying to it. He wrote—and—laying before Joseph all the difficulties, hardships, toils, privations, dangers, and discouragements of the missionary's life, and reminding him that many enthusiastic young people mistook that for a Divine call, which was in reality nothing but disappointment, ennui, love of adventure, or some other counterfeit—begged him to stick to his profession for at least twelve months longer before deciding. For the present he said nothing of this to Virginia.

The same mail brought him letters from Sir Clinton Carey, at Washington, informing him that business of the utmost importance called him to England—that he was then on the eve of his journey and voyage—and begging permission to make his adieus to the family by letter only. This the Judge communicated to Virginia and Magdalene.

From this time Magdalene's restless energies began to give her trouble again. And now—as Virginia's health and cheerfulness was fully restored, as there was no hopes of Magdalene's family acknowledging her, as the approach of winter would certainly call the Washingtons to Richmond, where her presence must embarrass them more than ever—Magdalene determined to relieve them of her company, and herself of her insupportable ennui, by going out into the world alone and upon her own responsibility. One morning, therefore, while Virginia was engaged with her domestic duties, Magdalene entered the library of Judge Washington, and—requesting of him the favor of a few moments' conversation—announced her determination. This astonished Judge Washington the more, that she seemed not for a moment to have considered, with a view of being influenced by it, what might be *his* opinion of her proposed course.

"What motive urges you to this, my dear?" he inquired.

She replied by reminding him of the social embarrassment she caused his family. He repudiated that consideration altogether and instantly, and inquired if she had no other motive?

"Yes!" she replied, "the strong necessity of absorbing occupation."

"Is there not a great field of labor *here*, my dear Magdalene? every sort of labor—manual, mental, moral? Truly the harvest even *here* is ripe, but the laborers are few."

"Change, excitement, the pursuit of an object! She needed it! she must have it at any cost!" she said.

"And have you not considered my approbation or disapprobation, my dear child?"

Magdalene told him that she would be deeply pained if he disapproved her plan—that she had not alluded to such a contingency, because, having decided that her purpose was the best for the happiness of all concerned, she had fully determined to carry it out before she had thought of mentioning the subject to any one.

"If your own grandfather, old Adam Hawk, opposes it?"

"It will not turn me aside from my object, dear sir, much as I might regret his opposition."

"You wish, you say, to be independent—to start in life for yourself—how do you propose to do it?"

"First, I shall try to get a situation as governess in some gentleman's family, far from the associations of my childhood, if possible."

"Your position would then be very similar to what it now is—quite as monotonous, without the affection that I hope alleviates all that is painful in your present situation. In a month you would be as weary as you now are."

"Then I should change it, sir."

"And then?"

"Change it again and again, until I found contentment!"

"The Indian blood! the untamed nature! the restless energies! the vagrant disposition!" thought the Judge, and he replied,

"That will never do, Magdalene! You will not find rest to your spirit by any such means—and the encouragement of such a disposition would utterly unfit you for the duties you would assume."

Magdalene felt the truth of this remark, but very much disturbed in mind, she did not reply.

"But, Magdalene, in the event of your failure to secure a situation as governess, what do you propose to do?"

Magdalene's face flushed deeply, and she answered,

"I may try my brush and canvass. You have been so partial as to intimate that I am no bad artist."

"A slow way of making an independent living, however, Magdalene;—and if it should disappoint you?"

"Something else, then, sir," she replied, with a deeper flush, then hastily added—"but I will try the governess first."

Much more the Judge said to shake her purpose, without producing that effect.

Adam Hawk, when he heard of it, growled a great deal against the course proposed, but without stopping it.

Virginia wept and pleaded in vain.

Finally, Magdalene having, through Judge Washington, advertised for a situation, found one in a far distant Southern State, and prepared for her departure, which was to take place at the same time that the family set out for Richmond.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEODORE AND MAGDALENE.

Imagine something purer far,
  More free from stain of clay,
Than friendship, love, or passion are,
  Yet human still as they,
And if thy lip for love like this,
  No mortal word can frame,
Go ask of angels what it is,
  And call it by that name.
Moore.

Theodore Hervey was still at college when the news of Magdalene's expected departure reached him, in a letter from his sister. He lost no time in setting out for home.

One morning—when the Judge was in his study arranging some business with his overseer, previous to leaving home for the Winter, and Virginia was in the upper chambers superintending the folding and packing away of the house-linen in the chests and presses, in which they were to remain until their return in the Spring—Magdalene sat in the parlor, putting the last stitches into a little travelling hood she was quilting for Virginia, when her attention was attracted by the sound of the light wheels of a *solitaire* rolling up the carriage drive. A moment after, the door-bell was rung, and the next instant, much to the surprise of Magdalene, "Mr. Theodore Hervey" was announced, and immediately afterwards entered the room. Magdalene arose and received him with much cordiality, expressing warmly the pleasure she felt in seeing him once more before her departure from the neighborhood. She begged him to be seated, saying that she would immediately send for Virginia and the Judge, who would be rejoiced to see him again before they left—and she was about to ring for a servant, when Theodore, by a gesture, stayed her hand.

"No, if you please, pardon me, I wish to speak with you alone, Magdalene."

Surprised at the unusual earnestness of his tone and manner, Magdalene resumed her seat, and turned to give him her full attention, and in so doing noticed, for the first time, that his naturally dark and picturesque style of beauty was even exaggerated now in the very pale and hollow features, in the large shadowy eyes, and the highly intellectual and spiritual expression of his countenance—and her silent comment was, "He is killing himself by this 'Reading for honors.'"

Theodore remained buried in thought for a few minutes, as though at a loss how to open his business; at length he said,

"And, so you are to leave us soon, Magdalene?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Yes. And I have come, Magdalene, to entreat you to delay your journey, perhaps to abandon it finally." He paused. Magdalene looked up to hear more before expressing the quiet wonder she felt. He resumed. "Magdalene, my father, Helen, myself—all know, and appreciate the motive that led you to the formation of this resolution, and I cannot tell you how much it pains us even while we honor you for it. Magdalene, I bring you a letter from my mother, in which, expressing all the affection that herself and our whole family feel for you—she prays you to come and spend the Winter of your friend's absence, at the parsonage," said he, as he handed her the letter.

She received it, and opening, read it to the end. Had Magdalene been of the "melting mood," the kindness of this letter would have opened the fountain of her tears—as it was, she folded it up and put it in her pocket with no show of the strong emotion that really stirred her heart.

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am, dear Theodore," she said.

"And you will make us all happy by coming, dear Magdalene!"

"Impossible, my friend! my engagement is concluded, and my arrangements are all made; besides, Theodore, you are mistaken in me. You have given me credit for a disinterested motive. I had also a selfish one. Theodore, I *must* have change, action, excitement, life!"

Here followed a controversy between Magdalene and Theodore, very similar to those that had occurred between the former and the Judge, and with, of course, a similar result. At the end of this interview, Theodore declining to see Judge Washington or Virginia, left the house. When he was gone, Magdalene told Judge Washington of the kind offer that had been made her, and showed Virginia the letter. The Judge advised and entreated his adopted child to accept Mrs. Hervey's hospitality; and Virginia cast her arms around her neck, and weeping, besought her to go to the parsonage, where they would all know that she was safe, and hear from her continually. But Magdalene shook her head. A comet might be turned from its course, as soon as this erratic being. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, with Helen and Theodore, came by a previous appointment, to spend the last evening with the Washingtons. Mrs. Hervey warmly seconded by Helen, renewed her invitation—which Magdalene, deeply pained, declined. The afternoon was not half over, when Theodore requested a private interview with Magdalene, and she received him in the library. He came in, drew his chair to the side of Magdalene, took her hand, and in a voice that trembled with excess of emotion, he said—

"Magdalene, I have something to say to you,—and if there be too great abruptness in my speech, you will pardon it for the sake of the strong affection and the urgent necessity that constrains me to speak! Magdalene! I have loved you since you were a child. My affection has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I have read your heart with a clearness and precision that no one else, perhaps, has ever done. And while deeply deploring some things that I see there, I love you still, I must love you ever. I know well that it is the first and last, the only one, exclusive love of my whole life. It is a part of my soul. I shall never lose it in time nor in eternity. When I left home for college, it was the parting with *you* only that grieved me. When I returned, it was the meeting with *you* only that rejoiced me. I have—perhaps with culpable egotism and presumption—long habituated myself to consider *you* as the life long companion of my future. When a few days since, I received a letter from my sister, announcing your intended speedy departure, I then felt for the first time *how much* I loved you. I felt, Magdalene, that I should not have the courage to come back to the neighborhood after you were gone—to miss you everywhere. Well, Magdalene, after passing a night full of anxiety—ah, *you* know nothing of such sleepless nights, Magdalene—" He paused. A dark smile was her only comment. He resumed. "I arose in the morning to put in execution a resolution I had formed. I came down here. I arrived late last night. I opened my heart to my parents—and you know what followed, Magdalene. Finally—I am at your side, with their full consent and approbation, to offer you my hand, and such a home as my father's modest house can afford my wife. Will you have me, Magdalene?" He pressed her hand and paused for a reply—looking anxiously, intently into her half averted face, until with sudden self-recollection, he flushed to the brow, and dropped his eyes.

"Theodore, I am profoundly grateful for this proof, a confidence and affection that I pray God, I may ever be able to merit—"

She paused for words to convey her rejection in the most delicate manner. But there was something in her countenance that disturbed him, for he said, anxiously,

"You do not answer me, Magdalene."

She clasped his hand that still held her own, and replied,

"Dear Theodore—dear friend—in return for all this that you offer me, I have only a sister's deep affection, and high respect to give you."

"Magdalene! you do not mean—! Oh, no, my God!" he exclaimed, dropping her hand, and growing very pale. "Speak! say something to me, Magdalene!"

"I say then, dear Theodore, that highly as I estimate the honor you intend me, I am forced to decline it."

"'Honor!' do not mock me, Magdalene! I have nothing to offer you but a true and affectionate heart, and the prospect of a modest competence to be gained by years of industry and economy, and this I have presumed to tender you with startling abruptness. You are proud, and you are somewhat offended, and you mock me. Forgive me, Magdalene, if I have been necessarily too hasty in this. Take time to consider. Only do not leave us yet! Accept my mother's invitation. It was prompted by a true affection for you. *Do*, Magdalene!"

"Dear Theodore, hear me! I am deeply sensible of your mother's and your own goodness to me—profoundly grateful for the proof of confidence and affection *she* gives me—devoutly thankful for the honor *you* do me—the greatest honor you could give me—the greatest honor I could receive from any man, and—" she said, with impressive earnestness, "well, perhaps, it would be for me, could I avail myself of it—but it is impossible—I cannot! I can never have the quiet happiness of being your wife, and loving you as your wife should. I cannot! It is impossible!" she said, in a tone of the very anguish of regret, as though the good and evil of her nature had suddenly risen in battle array against each other, and the good had retreated. But this manner and expression so unusual, so surprising, yet so natural—for she stood then at the very fork of the road of destiny, and felt the crisis of her fate acutely—passed quickly as a spasm, and she was herself again.

"You—you are not engaged, Magdalene?" he asked, in a voice that was momentarily becoming more agitated.

"No, I am not engaged."

"You have no suitor, I think, Magdalene?"

"No," said she, with a painful consciousness of having suppressed a part of the truth.

"Then I will still hope that in time—"

"No, *indeed* you must not think of it!" said she, earnestly—"for if I am not engaged—if I have no suitor—still, it is nevertheless true that you must indulge no fallacious hope—and yet," she said, with a sneer at herself, "it is no great good I forbid you to 'hope' for!"

"'No great good,' Magdalene!—the hand of one we love!"

Her heart was stricken with a sudden pain by the thought called up by this question, yet she did not again lose the "natural ruby of her cheek," or the calmness of her manner, as she replied,

"You must forget this, dear Theodore."

"I cannot! It is my nature to remember, and to hope! Ah! Magdalene! my life's star! I will strive, and wait, and hope! I will win the heart by patience yet!"

The very words she had used in reference to another! Again that sudden, inexplicable pang pierced her spirit, but without betraying itself through those nerves of steel, and muscles of marble, that scarcely anything could disturb, but the presence, the voice, the gaze of one.

Finding all his arguments useless for the present, Theodore closed the interview by saying, while he stood before her holding her hand,

"My dearest Magdalene! you go out into a life full of toils, privations, humiliations and perils for one like you! But remember this! in me whom you will not now accept as a husband, you will always, and under all possible circumstances, find a friend and brother. I here pledge you an affection, a devotion and a fidelity that 'neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come,' shall be able to shake. God bless you, Magdalene!"

"And you, Theodore!"

So closed the interview.

After an early tea, the Herveys took leave and departed.

Early the next morning, the family set out in the capacious travelling carriage for Richmond. Virginia was in very high spirits, notwithstanding the prospect of soon parting from her beloved foster sister. The joyful anticipation of meeting Joseph gave an impetus to her happy temper that nothing could check. They arrived at their house on —— Street, at Richmond, upon the evening of the second day. Joseph's lodgings were in a distant part of the city, and they had expected to meet him waiting for them at the house. He was not there, however. Judge Washington was obliged to convey Magdalene to the hotel, and place her under the charge of a gentleman and lady who were going South the next morning. He promised Ginnie to go for Joseph, and bring him home with him if possible. Though Magdalene showed no emotion, Virginia wept freely at parting with her. Her tears were soon dried, however, in the excitement of expecting Joseph. Virginia, attended by Coral, went into her room to change her dress, while Polly Pepper, below, arranged the tea-table, against the return of Judge Washington with Mr. Carey. Ginnie came down in a dress of light blue prince's cloth, with her hair in its usual glittering spiral red ringlets.

"Ah Polly, I am glad you remembered the crumpets Mr. Carey likes so well," she said.

"How could I forget, when you sent me so many messages about them, Miss Ginnie," said she.

Ginnie fidgetted about the table, and walked the floor, or looked out at the windows, until the carriage again rolled up to the door, and Judge Washington, alighting, entered alone.

"Where is Joseph, father?" anxiously exclaimed Virginia.

"My child, he is not at his lodgings. His landlady tells me that he left them this afternoon—she does not know for what destination."

"He—he has not left the city?" asked Virginia, growing pale, and sinking into a chair.

"No, I presume not, my love, we shall probably see or hear from him to-morrow; in the meantime, Ginnie, my dear, order supper," said the Judge, with an effort to conquer or conceal the anxiety that troubled him.

Virginia, trembling, sick to faintness with disappointment and apprehension, complied.

The next morning the postman stopped before the door, and delivered letters for the Judge. Among them was one from Joseph Carey, dated at Richmond the day before, which the Judge opened and read to himself. It ran thus—

Richmond, December 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND:—

I have been striving with myself, long, sturdily, but vainly. I dare not remain here, and meet Virginia. The parting with her last Spring, caused me and her so much bitter anguish; the prospect of meeting her soon, of spending the winter in her dear company, agitates me with such a wild ecstacy, that I cannot venture to trust myself to the trial. Bethink you, sir, of the days of your own youth, and consider the tremendous test, to which you would subject me—a test I dare not meet! Enough! You come to Richmond, and bring Virginia to-night! I leave the city to-day! My habits of severe economy have enabled me to save money enough for my present small expenses. I go straight to Boston, to join a Christian Mission, about to sail from that port for India. Let your blessing go with me, my best friend! Convey my endless affection, and my farewell, to Virginia, at the time, and in the words, you may deem most fitting. I dare not write to her! I can scarcely trust myself to write to you! I do not know that I write coherently!—for heart and brain are—not right! But, happy or wretched; present or absent; sane or insane—I am always, and under all circumstances, Judge Washington, most gratefully, affectionately, and faithfully,

Yours, JOSEPH W. CAREY.

"Noble and generous young man! Poor boy! poor boy!" said the Judge, commenting upon this letter. "And now to break this to Virginia!" He paused in thought a long time, holding the open letter behind his back, and walking slowly up and down the room. At length he touched the bell, and when a servant answered it, he said—"Go and say to Miss Washington that I shall visit her in her chamber, immediately." And soon he followed his messenger up stairs, to Virginia's apartment. He found his grand-daughter industriously working a pair of slippers.

"For Joseph, father," she said, in reply to his look; and laying them down, she wheeled an easy chair near the fire, for him to repose in.

"I have heard from Joseph this morning, Virginia," said the Judge, quietly taking the seat.

"And he! father!—is he well?" exclaimed she, anxiously.

"Yes, my dear, he is well!"

"Thank Heaven!—and yet, father, there is something in your countenance—alarming!—what! what is the matter?"

"Nothing alarming, my love!—Joseph has left the city."

"Left the city," she repeated calmly. Her back was to the window, so that he could not see how pale she had suddenly grown. "Left the city," she reiterated.

"Yes, my dear, left the city," continued the Judge, thoroughly misled by the very quietness of her tone—though that quietness was only the weakness of a fainting heart. "Yes, my dear child! my dear Virginia, your brother has put in execution his long-cherished design of going out to India as a Missionary!—Virginia! My God, Virginia!" he suddenly exclaimed, starting forward to receive her falling form; for, before he had got to the end of his sentence, Virginia had thrown up both hands, taken a step towards him, and now he caught her, fainting, in his arms.

(END OF BOOK THE SECOND.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

CHASING THE OSTRICH.

The chase of these birds is accounted one of the most skillful and difficult exercises, both for the Arab and his horse, requiring at once the most unwearied patience, and the most reckless impetuosity. The former is absolutely necessary, in order to keep them within sight, and to watch their motions as they whirl round in a circle of greater or less extent; and the latter, to seize the favorable opportunity of dashing down upon them in their course, and disabling them, which is generally affected by means of a stick, thrown with dexterity between their legs. A chase of this kind will frequently last from eight to ten hours. M. Adanson, who had several times witnessed the spectacle in Senegal, declares, that even when mounted by two men, they outstripped the speed of an excellent English horse. In running, they always expand their wings. By varying the inclination of their wings to the wind, they preserve the equilibrium of their body in flight, and are thus rendered much more secure from falling.

Selected Articles.

CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER DECAPITATION.

Some of the most eminent physiologists of the present day have lately been arguing the very curious question as to whether a man feels after his head is off. And this inquiry is considered by the conductors to be of more than physiological interest, because it involves a fine principle of humanity with regard to the punishment of death by the guillotine.

It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation; for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body beneath that joint, at which the latter may be divided, must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and like the head of the Irish Knight, who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declared that it was never cut off by so sweet a cimeter before—nor like that of the assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon the irrevocability of its fate, and the awfulness of its deprivation.

In support of this unpleasant theory, many facts are adduced with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others, is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this fact is attested by Fontenelle, Mongore, Guilotine, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being called; in the case of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblentz, the half-closed eyes opened wide with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

This is recorded in the Medical Gazette for April last; but whether it be believed or not, we see nothing either in theory or recorded fact, to lessen the possibility of consciousness after decapitation. In diseases and dislocation of the spinal marrow, the mind remains in full possession of its faculties, all the lower limbs are utterly devoid of feeling; and at what point of separation are we justified in saying the mind must lose its rational powers? If the brain retain the image of vision, and the forms of touch, long after the objects which created them are withdrawn, why may we not suppose that it retains them after a sudden operation of the axe or guillotine? Like the thigh of an amputated leg which feels its toes for days, and even weeks after the operation, it may remain in imaginary possession of all its corporeal members, until the curtains of oblivion are gathered around its fading vision, and it sinks to repose in the chambers of death.

TRUE LIBERTY.—"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties." This was the desire of a noble Republican, John Milton; and he expressed the aspiration of every man who desires to be led through the knowledge of truth to the performance of duty. His desire is identical with the duty he owes to God and man. Without this liberty, there can be no moral life. Without this liberty, there can be no discharge of social obligations. Withhold it, and mind dies. Withhold it, and individuals and nations dwindle into insignificance. Withhold it, and all moral, spiritual, physical, agricultural, and commercial production becomes stunted, withered, puny, sickly and mean. Withhold it, and you withhold the sunlight from the dial of civilization. Withhold it, and the view of God is darkened to mankind.

Selected Poetry.

MARTHA HOPKINS.

A BALLAD OF INDIANA.

From the kitchen, Martha Hopkins, as she stood there making pies,
Southward looks, along the turnpike, with her hand above her eyes;
Where along the distant hill-side, her yearling heifer feeds,
And a little grass is growing in a mighty sight of weeds.

All the air is full of noises, for there isn't any school,
And boys, with turned-up pantaloons, are wading in the pool;
Blithely frisk unnumbered chickens, cackling, for they cannot laugh;
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the little calf.

Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins! tell me, wherefore do ye gaze,
On the ground that's being furrowed for the planting of the maize?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced the turnpike way,
Far beyond the cattle pasture, and the brick-yard, with its clay?

Ah! the dog-wood tree may blossom, and the door-yard green may shine,
With the tears of amber dropping from the washing on the line;
And the morning's breath of balsam, lightly brush her freckled cheek—
Little recketh Martha Hopkins of the tales of Spring they speak.

When the Summer's burning solstice on the scanty harvest glowed,
She had watched a man on horseback riding down the turnpike road;
Many times she saw him turning, looking backward quite forlorn,
Till amid the trees she lost him in the shadow of the barn.

Ere the supper-time was over, he had passed the kiln of brick,
Crossed the rushing yellow river, and had forded quite a creek.
And his flat-boat load was taken, at the time, for pork and beans,
With the traders of the Wabash, to the wharf at New Orleans.

Therefore watches Martha Hopkins—holding in her hand the pans,
When the sound of distant footsteps seems exactly like a man's;
Not a wind the stove-pipe rattles, not a door behind her jars,
But she seems to hear the rattle of his letting down the bars.

Often sees she men on horseback, coming down the turnpike rough,
But they come not as John Jackson, she can see it well enough;
Well she knows the sober trotting of the sorrel horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure with his head down like a sheep's.

She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his home-made coat and vest;
By his socks, which were blue woollen, such as farmers wear out West;
By the color of his trowsers, and the saddle, which was spread,
With a blanket which was taken for that purpose from the bed.

None like he the yoke of hickory on the unbroken steer can throw,
None amid his father's corn-fields use like him the spade and hoe;
And at all the apple-cuttings, few indeed the men are seen,
That can dance with him the polka, touch with him the violin.

He has said to Martha Hopkins, and she thinks she hears him now,
For she knows as well as can be that he meant to keep his vow,
When the buck-eye tree has blossomed, and your uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana usher in the wedding morn!

He has pictured his relations, and her Sunday hat and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage, and they'll spend a day in town;
That their love will newly kindle, and what comfort it will give,
To sit down to the first breakfast, in the cabin where they'll live.

Tender eyes of Martha Hopkins! what has got you in such a scrape?
'Tis a tear that falls to glitter, on the ruffle of her cape;
Ah! the eye of love may brighten, to be certain what it sees,
One man looks much like another, when half-hidden by the trees.

But her eager eyes rekindle, she forgets the pies and bread,
As she sees a man on horseback, round the corner of the shed;
Now tie on another apron, get the comb and smooth your hair,
'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops, 'tis John Jackson's self that's there!

Pictures of Life.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The "constant reader" of the newspaper always reads, or at least glances at the advertisements. Those who merely take up the broad sheet to glean the passing news of the day, might think time so employed wasted or ill-bestowed; but the experienced and leisurely newspaper reader knows better. He has discovered that the department mentioned contains bits of news, and information, and amusement, very varied, often very curious and useful, and such as are to be obtained through almost no other channel. He has learned gradually to find in it something more: something to open his mind, to excite his imagination, to soften his heart. In the case of a metropolitan print, it appears to him to be an epitome of London, just as London is an epitome of the world; and his soul expands as he sees within its grasp, in one sweep, as it were, of his mental vision, the joys, the sorrows, the recreations, the sufferings, the longings, and attainments of society—in short, the whole social microcosm. And from long practice, his experienced eye, ranging from column to column, can pick out all that is peculiar and interesting in these paragraphs as readily as a deer-stalker can detect a royal hart upon a distant hill-side, or an alderman the tid-bits of turtle in the wide tureen. An acquaintance with the order in which advertisements are usually arranged, according to their classes, accounts for this facility, which to the uninitiated would look like an instinct. On the peculiar class of advertisements, for instance, of which we have thought some specimens might prove amusing to our readers, the connoisseur can pounce at once. They are to be found almost exclusively in one paper; but in that one paper unfailingly, and always in the same position in its columns.

Most newspaper readers have observed for themselves, or have heard allusions to, "the second column of the *Times*." At the top, generally of the second, though sometimes of the third, or even the fourth column of the first page of that wonderful journal, appear day by day announcements so miscellaneous, and at the same time so peculiar, that it is impossible to find a term wide enough and yet sufficiently distinctive under which to class them. They are "the advertisements in the *Times'* second column." They are generally short, three or four lines being the average length; they seldom extend beyond six or eight, and sometimes consist of only a single line, or even a single word. Though they do not admit of close definition, it may be said that they fall into two classes—first, those that are intended to lead to the recovery of persons or things lost, stolen, strayed, or fled, or the discovery of the owners of property found by honest persons, or persons who are willing to be honest—for a con-sid-er-a-tion; second, those that are intended as more media of communication with persons unknown, or desirous of remaining anonymous, or who, though known, choose for any reason to conceal their whereabouts, or hide their correspondence in mystery.

For a month or two past we have occasionally amused ourselves by cutting out from time to time, one or two of these queer little bits of print from our copy of the *Times*; and anybody who cares to be at the same trouble, might at any time, we believe, in less than six months, amass quite as complete and varied a collection.

Those advertisements which we have reckoned under our first class, embrace a very wide range of objects. At one time the announcement aims at the recovery of a father of a family, at another of an umbrella with a black handle; to-day of an erring son, to-morrow of a stray terrier. Dogs are a very frequent subject of advertisement—lost and found; such as Newfoundlands, Skye terriers, pointers, retrievers, and "curs of low degree." And so are husbands and wives, but more especially the former. If the two sexes are equally liable to go amissing, it is remarkable that the husbands so rarely advertise their loss. Jewellery, too, is often sought for—bracelets, rings, watches, brooches, lockets—and rewards of various degrees offered for its recovery. Among miscellaneous articles lost we note—a letter with money enclosed, bank-notes, bills of exchange, a paper parcel, a parcel-book, a pocket-book, a Chinese parrot, a bunch of keys, an umbrella, a cane, a lady's box, &c., &c. Of the notifications of obviously serious import and interest we scarcely feel authorized to say much. They refer to private affairs, and nothing but the voluntary publicity given to them would justify our reprinting the following specimens here. In such cases all styles of appeal are to be met with, from the simplest request to the most painfully-urgent supplication. Thus some are in plain, business-like style; such as—

"William Henry B. is requested to write to his friends at No. 8 immediately."

"B***s.—Write at once to the undersigned, out of regard to yourself and your family. If you do this, all will be well, for all parties are favorable. Believe me, this is true—G. O. N. G., XXVII."

"D. M——S, having left his home on Saturday, the 27th of July, is requested to return to his disconsolate wife. By so doing, all that has passed will be forgotten."

Some are a shade warmer, as follows:—

"E—— S——th, who left his employers' on the 7th inst., is affectionately requested to return to his friends, and all will be forgiven."

"To the party who left home in the afternoon to visit the eldest sister.—You are most earnestly intreated to return home. The step taken was wholly unnecessary. Come at once or communicate. Most of your family do not yet know of your absence."

"The friends of two ladies, who left their homes together, are earnestly requested to communicate confidentially, by letter or otherwise."

Another absentee—

"Is earnestly requested to go to his brother Thomas without any delay: his presence is absolutely requisite for the security of his friends, who are arranging his affairs. He may implicitly depend upon perfect freedom of action."

Another is informed, as one of the evil consequences of his position, that his wife is in the greatest distress, and is affectionately intreated to write to her immediately.

A wanderer is invited to return, or write to his disconsolate parents, or any of his friends—not because of their disconsolateness, but because "they can greatly promote his future prospects."

Some of these cases no doubt are bad enough, but here the domestic tragedy deepens—

"Caroline.—She is dangerously ill; her life is despaired of; come at once."

"H. P. C. is earnestly requested to see the party who is broken-hearted by his unaccountable conduct. The secret is safe. Write, or they cannot live."

"Alfred—Your father is no more. For your own sake, for the sake of your M——, to whom your absence is ruin, you are implored to write. Will you not even attend your father's funeral?"

To another undutiful son it is said—

"Return at once, and save your distracted mother from death, or, what is worse, madness. Communicate with your father. Arrangements can be made for you to be with him. Delay not."

And to another—

"Who visited his father's house between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, that if he does not return before Wednesday next, not only will the life of his oldest relative be endangered, and his own be thereby rendered miserable, but his future prospects may be utterly ruined."

The withdrawal and continued silence of a husband make him too late, apparently, for anything but devoted love.

"Your wife and family implore you to give them some address. Although you (from the great anxiety I have been in) have seen little outward show, you cannot know the deep anxiety of my almost broken heart. Oh that we could have communicated with you! The kindness of public and private friends could they have drawn you back, would have reinstated you. I intreat of you to empower me to communicate with you."

Here is another gentle and loving appeal from a friend—

"Dear Sophy—The loving hearts and true friends you have left only await your immediate return to prove to you their sincerity by the heartfelt reception they will offer you. Delay but a little, and you yourself know how bitterly you will and must repent it. Your friend Fanny."

And here is one, no doubt, from an alarmed sister—

"Maria H., pray come to me. I have been all day searching for you all over London, and have sent money home. Sorrow enough."

These two last are, as it strikes us, peculiarly touching and suggestive. Their two or three lines contain a story full of misery and pathos.

In addition to the above, there are not unfrequent advertisements of individuals missing, with careful descriptions of their persons, dress, manners, &c. These are sometimes inserted with the view of bringing the individuals to justice for misdemeanors or crimes, but more frequently they emanate from the friends of persons who have left their homes, it may be from some whim or slight cause of offence, and whose return is desired for their own benefit, no less than for the satisfaction or consolation of those they have left. "Left his home, a youth," &c., is a common beginning of these advertisements, and it is surprising how many there are of them. Boys or lads, induced by a juvenile longing after a seafaring life (inspired perhaps by our old friend Robinson Crusoe), constitute, we presume, a considerable portion of the class. In an advertisement before us, for example, the "disconsolate parents" offer, if their son will let them know where he is, "to make arrangements for him to go to sea, if he wishes." Sometimes, however, young men leave the comforts of home, and give up to torturing anxiety their relatives and friends, merely to gratify a love of wandering and adventure, the remains, doubtless, of that savage instinct which distinguishes the man of what is called nature from the man of artificial society. A case of this sort of self-exile occurred within our own personal experience, which could not be accounted for in any other way. The young man, after several months of wandering, communicated with his family, and ultimately returned to them and to his studies, and now fulfils the duties of life like any commonplace mortal. Such an escapade, however, is dangerous, and we fear is not often attended by so pleasant a denouement.

A good many of these advertisements are of a purely business-like character. Thus a reward of £25 is offered for information such as would lead to the conviction of the thieves of some silk goods from a shop in Cheapside; the widow of a man killed by a railway accident requests witnesses to send their addresses to her solicitor, evidently to assist her claim for damages; and for some similar purpose, we conceive, is the following:—

"Wreck of the Superb from St. Malo to Jersey. Should any of the surviving passengers have arrived in London, and will communicate immediately with Mr. J——, 81 Queen Street, Cheapside, he will feel greatly obliged."

Many intimations from solicitors inform persons named that "they will hear of something to their advantage," by applying to Messrs. So and So. Acknowledgments of donations to charities are also made through this singular medium. We have one before us acknowledging £100 given to a missionary society; and many references to the receipt of "conscience money" from persons who had forgotten to pay their taxes: it is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who is usually favored by these virtuous delinquents. Not uncommon either are such sharp intimations as this:—

"If —— does not fetch his things away, left at my house in May, 1849, within seven days from the date hereof, they will be sold to defray expenses."

It is not very clear in this undated advertisement whether the things were to be fetched away in seven days, or were left seven days before; but the conscience of the careless owner would no doubt be able to interpret.

The more remarkable and mysterious communications, which we have arbitrarily ranked in our second class, we must be content to deal with very cursorily. They are exceedingly miscellaneous. Here is a semi-sporting one:—

"Villiquez.—Beware of the Derby.—S. is requested to call on his brother as soon as possible, in order that arrangements may be made for his return to his employer without delay."

Many are requesting communications of one kind or other:—

"If Mr. N. will communicate with Leonard, he will oblige."

"Fanshaw is requested to give the fullest particulars addressed as before; also where a letter can be directed."

"Important.—If this should meet the eye of the gentleman who dined at Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden, on Monday, November 11, he is particularly requested to communicate" to such an address.

"G. S. A. is requested to send her marriage certificate by the first post."

"E. is requested to write to A., at his residence, instantly, under initials, before his departure, which is daily expected.—(Signé) Hon Astres, non pas L'Astre. There are sermons in stones."

"A. F., the gentleman who sent, about a month ago, from the country a sealed brown paper parcel to a solicitor, with strict injunctions to keep it safe and intact, he is earnestly intreated to instantly communicate with his relatives or with the solicitor referred to, as circumstances of the most urgent nature require the immediate presence of A. F., whose explanations will be favorably received by all parties."

To these requests we append a few acknowledgments:—

"Fishing.—A. B. thanks Q. for his very polite note."

"R.—A thousand thanks for your kind consideration of my wants. Let me earnestly intreat you to give me some address, where I may write you a line."

"To be a Well-wisher.—T. F. wishes only the restoration of the lost, and has no farther intentions. Will a Well-wisher send T. F. his name, address, and appoint a place to meet him in London on Tuesday?"

"A. B. C.—The communication of the 13th inst. has been received by N., who will be greatly obliged by some further information, and promises A. B. C. the strictest secrecy."

"B. B. agrees to the plan, and is satisfied, as it is the wish of the party."

"L.'s letter has been received and destroyed, and he shall not again be troubled."

"Received, ii. Cor. 6, 17, 18, with sincere thanks. A. R. is desirous to know the right application of the above text."

This last is a somewhat peculiar one, for in the text there is a warning against touching "the unclean thing," which the recipient would of course understand to be money. Many of the following receipts refer, likewise mysteriously enough, to sums of money:—

"Restitution.—£30 received by post."

"Shareholder—received. Anonymous and conditional subscriptions declined; L.5, less the expense of this advertisement, is held at the disposal of 'a shareholder.'"

"E. G.—Received £60."

"No. 82,287 again received. But you have raised a scruple."

The figures here, we presume, to be the number of a bank-note. The additional remark is mysteriously significant. Here is no appointment made—

"A. B. C., 92 Piccadilly, this evening."

A few strange zoological paragraphs give an agreeable variety—

"A. W.—The Wolf is not dead, but has been dangerously ill. Letters are intercepted. I trust no one. Break not your pledge. Communicate personally."

"A. W.—The Dog 'Wolf' is dead. The experiment has fully succeeded. The 'Bear' mourns. 'Tidus vale amicus.'"

"The One-Winged Dove must die unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies."

"Somerset.—S. B. The mate of the Dove must take wing from England forever, unless a material change takes place."

At times we have a little Latin, or French. We give a specimen of each, such as it is—

"Non veni, non vidi; with many thanks."

"His honor ne marque que toi seul. Welcome in poverty. Ecris. Viens. Je meurs.—Jennie."

Many are more remarkable for brevity than anything else. Our first of three short ones is evidently from a friend of Oliver Twist's, for, like him, he simply asks for

"More.—W. C."

"E. F.—Write. Why did you wait?"

"There is a letter for H. B., as before."

It would appear that the aristocracy are not above taking advantage of the facilities of the *Times's* second column—

"Egypt.—If the Hon. H. A. M——y will forward his address to Lord M——, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Its character for peculiarity and mystery is also sometimes dexterously pressed into the service of ordinary advertising. Thus the following curt announcement—

"A Bit of my Mind.—A. M., March 25,"

appeared in several successive numbers of the *Times*, and when the phrase had thereby become familiar to many thousand eyes, it next met them as the title of a series of papers in *Punch*—"A. M." being the initials of Miss Amelia Mouser.

The most impenetrably and provokingly mysterious are those printed in cypher. They defy even speculation. That which heads our examples, looks like an insane attempt to put into words the war-shrieks of a Red Indian—

"Subwwb zhoo—Qrw biiw—Brx pdb vdilhb—Ydxjkwrq Whuudfh, Edovdoo Khdwk."

"No. 3.—S. lmpi. F. npi. C. qgnl. F. pil. cgpk. S. onqq. of C. hgo. lnho. B. hkq. egki in F. hnio. C. nhgq. B. qkln. F. pil. C. qikl. in. D. qil. C. qngb. Austens F. kinn. are. now qpio to B. qnp. C. lpi. pnng. F. p il. S. nigk. E. lpq. F. dmnn.—J. de W."

"T. R4553d411349fi11936dt7p79t763wy79kt758tp771 3y7n89h19275371 64f984h1 v3843d8t7uw311 p8l yf78838781476913 1829-31."

But there is no natural ending to this sort of work, and we must leave off in the middle, giving first a little random lot, some of which are so very peculiar, as to baffle while they challenge curiosity:

"Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.—M. P., who travelled in the express up-train on Tuesday, the 25th of June, takes this medium to apologize for any thing he said likely to have given offence to * * * and hopes this advertisement will be seen by the party."

"Lost.—The person who took, in mistake, a dark Penang Cane not belonging to himself from the Polytechnic Institution, on Wednesday evening last, is requested to return it to the check-taker there."

"A lady desires to express her thanks to a gentleman for his kindness to her in Regent's Park, on Friday morning, May 31st, which long illness and absence have prevented her acknowledging before."

"W. M.—Yes.—It shall be brought forward this evening. Read the first paragraph (with note) page 94, and law No. 7, page 96, of the Book of Constitutions."

"Anonymous—Confidential.—The 'Good Fellow' would really be obliged if the 'Friend' would help him out of the scrape by a little further advice as to the 'party.' Direct the letter, with the Christian name in full, to No. 8."

"To A. B.—I intend to oppose, but others should not. I shall be glad to receive another letter without delay, and I will consider it confidential."

"J. C. H. will immediately return the book, agreeable to promise. A. B. will think nothing further of the matter."

"The number of obliterated postage stamps required by the young lady about to enter a convent being already collected, it is particularly requested that no further contributions may be sent."

After all this darkness and mystification, our readers will be glad to get hold of a substantial and intelligible fact; and, for ourselves, we are delighted to have at length something to rest upon as we conclude. We give, therefore, with no small pleasure, as our last specimen of the curiosities of advertising literature, the following simple and manly—no pun intended—announcement:—

"Mathew Mann has left his situation."

Miscellaneous.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.—The Paris correspondence of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* contains the following anecdote of Baron Rothschild.

The splendid New Year's fetes which were to have been celebrated at the Hotel Rothschild, have been put aside on account of a family sorrow, a very young child, a grandson of Baron Rothschild, having recently died. The Baron was so much affected by this affliction, that for some time he gave up the care of his affairs, and neglected his vast enterprises.

A few days since, a friend came to offer him his condolence; the Baron recalled with a melancholy tenderness the winning ways of the poor little child. "They brought him into me every morning here in my cabinet," said he, "and I think I see him now upon my table overturning all my papers."

At this period an agent from the exchange came in. It was the hour when he came to take the orders of the prince of finance, and render him an account of the movements in the funds, and the aspect affairs on the Bourse had taken since the day before. Interrupted in the overflowing of his memories and regrets, M. de Rothschild fell into a melancholy reverie, while the agent launched bravely into the subject of his habitual visit, and continued with the most minute detail his expose of the state of financial matters, without being disconcerted by the silence of his auditor, which he attributed to continued and deep calculation.

After having finished his report on the state of all the stocks negotiated on 'Change, the agent added: A new advance in the public funds is expected, do you believe in it, M. de Baron.

M. de Rothschild aroused from his reverie, raised his head and replied, with an accent full of sadness and gravity,

"I, sir, I believe only in God."

ADVANTAGE OF SIX O'CLOCK DINNERS.—When business was moderate, dinner was allowed to divide and bisect the day. When it swelled into that vast strife and agony, as one may call it, that boils along the tortured streets of Modern London or other capitals, men began to see the necessity of an adequate counterforce to push against this overwhelming torrent, and thus maintain the equilibrium. Were it not for the soft relief of a six o'clock dinner, the gentle manner succeeding to the boisterous hubbub of the day, the soft glowing lights, the wine, the intellectual conversation, life in London is now come to such a pass, that in two years all nerves would sink before it. But for this periodic reaction, the modern business which draws so cruelly on the brain, and so little on the hands, would overthrow that organ in all but those of coarse organization. Dinner it is—meaning by dinner the whole complexity of attendant circumstances—which save the modern brain-working men from going mad.—*De Quincey.*

THE ROMAN BED-TIME.—An immense majority of men in Rome, never lighted a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn. And this custom of Rome, was the custom also of all nations that lived round the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. The Turks and other people, who have succeeded to the stations and the habits of the ancients, do so at this day.

The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself, was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow; but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight. And, though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark.

Being up then, and stirring not long after the lark, what mischief did the Roman go about first? Now-a-days, he would have taken a pipe or a cigar. But, alas for the ignorance of the poor heathen creatures! they had neither one nor the other. In this point, we must tax our mother earth with being really *too* stingy. In the case of the candles, we approve of her parsimony. Much mischief is brewed by candle-light. But, it was coming it too strong to allow no tobacco. A pipe has intercepted many an evil scheme. But the thing is past helping now. At Rome, you must do as "they does" at Rome.—*De Quincey.*

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTE OF PARSON B——.—Old Parson B——, who presided over a little flock in one the back towns of the State of M——, was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate.

Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practiced so long, that after awhile it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified Brother P—— that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless, but P—— said that at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving church he always took a roundabout course, which by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B—— ascertained from some source that P——'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible.

The next Sabbath, Brother P—— left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B—— exclaimed—

"Brother P——!"

P—— on being thus addressed, stopped short, and gazed towards the pulpit.

"Brother P——," continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

WITTY RETORT.—We were not a little amused by the reply of a lady recently, on a Western steamer, to one who sought to laugh at her expense.

A group of ladies were seated on one of the guards of a steamer which was ploughing her way down the Mississippi, round one of the numerous bends, and just where the penal establishment of one of the States occupies a prominent position on the point, and is seen in both front and rear, by the traveller, on opposite sides from the point.

Rounding the point, one of the ladies inquired of her companion, what that magnificent structure was?

"That, madam, is the penitentiary," replied her companion.

"Indeed! Why, that is the place we have but just come from!"—alluding to having seen it from the other side.

"Is it possible!" exlaimed an individual standing by, but not one of the party; "may I ask what you were in for?"

"For *eaves-dropping*, and meddling with our neighbor's business," was the prompt and sarcastic reply of the lady.

Fortunately, at that moment, the gentleman heard the significant invitation—"please to step to the Captain's office and s-e-t-t-l-e!" which he did amid roars of laughter.

PRETTY GOOD.—A contemporary tells a tale of a drunken passenger in a stage, who, seated near the driver, on the vehicle giving a sudden heavy lurch, lost his equilibrium and tumbled heels over head across the dasher, striking heavily upon the sod.

Bill rose to his feet, dug the gravel from his nostrils and ears, and commenced berating the driver for what he deemed his carelessness in upsetting the coach! and thus endangering the lives of his passengers.

"Wot'n thunder yer doin'?" said Bill. "You mis'able saw—'ic—sawney; a nock—'ic—ockin' people's brains out'n this way!"

The driver informed him that the stage had not been overturned, and the passengers assured Bill that Jehu was right.

Our good-natured friend approached the vehicle once more, and remounted very slowly to his former seat outside.

"Didn't upset, d'you say?"

"Not at all."

"Well, 'ic—if I'd a knowed that, *I wouldn't ha' got off!*"

MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN.—Mrs. Partington wants to know—

Whether Mason and Dixon's *line* was a line of stage-coaches or steam-packets?

Whether the Powder Magazine contains any good reading on the subject of ladies's dresses?

Whether the Pope is going to roam all over the world before he dies?

Whether his *bulls* are as ferocious as ever?

Were the *liberty poles* which were recently cut to pieces in Paris the last of that noble race?

Is the United States Mint any better for juleps than the common mint?

Has the "Double Eagle" two pair of wings, or not?

Do dead letters ever revive after reaching the General Post Office?

Do navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes, or only in cold regions?

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—A country schoolmaster one day announced to his pupils that an examination would soon take place. "If you are examined in geography," said he, "you will surely be asked of what shape is the earth; and if you should not remember, just look at me and I will show you my snuff-box, to remind you that it is round." Unfortunately, the schoolmaster had two snuff-boxes; a round one, which he only used on Sunday, and a square one which he carried during the week. The fatal day having arrived, the class in geography was duly called out, and the question asked, "What is the shape of the earth?" The first boy, appalled at the imposing appearance of the Examining Committee, felt embarrassed, and glanced at the *magister*, who at once pointed at his snuff-box. "Sir," boldly answered the boy, "it is round on Sunday, and square all other days in the week."

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Burns, as is well-known, was fond, at times, of theological controversy. On one occasion, in a dispute with one Andrew Turner, he got worsted in the argument. Being nettled at his defeat, he seized pen and paper, and retorted upon his opponent in the following impromptu lines:

It happened once upon a time,
The devil got stuff to make a swine,
And laid it in a corner;
But after that he changed his plan,
And formed it something like a man,
And called it Andrew Turner.

BIBLICAL.—Mr. Kess, a well-known street preacher, in this city, was accosted by a would-be-wag, the other day, and questioned as follows:

"Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"

"Certainly, I do."

"Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed, was a male or a female calf?"

"Yes, it was a female calf."

"How do you know that?"

"Because," said Kess, looking the chap in the face, "I see the male is alive now."—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

For the Young.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

THE LAST TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "PUSS IN BOOTS," "CINDERELLA," "LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD," ETC.

"Once upon a time," in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was born Charles Perrault. We pass over his boyhood and youth to the period when, after having long filled the situation of Commissioner of Public Buildings, he fell into disgrace with his patron, the Prime Minister Colbert, and was obliged to resign his situation. Fortunately he had not been unmindful of prudential economy during the days of prosperity, and had made some little savings, on which he retired to a small house in the Rue St. Jacques, and devoted himself to the education of his children.

About this time he composed his fairy tales. He himself attached little literary importance to productions destined to be handed down to posterity, ever fresh and ever new. He usually wrote in the morning the story intended for the evening's amusement. Thus were produced, in their turn, "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Blue Beard," "*Puss in Boots*," "Riquet with the Tuft," and many other wondrous tales which men now, forsooth, pretend to call fictions. Charles Lamb knew better. He was once looking for books for a friend's child, and when the bookseller, seeing him turn from shelves loaded with Mrs. Trimmer and Miss Edgeworth, offered him modern tales of fay and genii, as substitutes for his old favorites, he exclaimed,

"These are not my own *true* fairy tales!"

When surrounded by his grandchildren, Perrault related to them the stories he had formerly invented for his children. One evening, after having repeated for the seventh or eighth time the clever tricks of "Puss in Boots," Mary, a pretty little girl of seven years of age, climbed up on her grandfather's knee, and giving him a kiss, put her little dimpled hands into the curls of the old man's large wig.

"Grandpapa," said she, "why don't you make beautiful stories for us, as you used to do for papa and my uncles?"

"Yes," exclaimed the other children, "dear grandpapa, you must make a story entirely for ourselves."

Charles Perrault smiled, but there was a touch of sadness in the smile.

"Ah, dear children," said he, "it is very long since I wrote a fairy tale, and I am not as young as I was then. You see I require a stick to enable me to get along, and am bent almost double, and can walk but very, very slowly. My eyes are so dim, I can hardly distinguish your little merry faces; my ear can hardly catch the sound of your voices; nor is my mind what it was. My imagination has lost its vigor and freshness; memory itself has nearly deserted me; but I love you dearly, and like to give you pleasure. However, I doubt if my poor bald head could now make a fairy tale for you, so I will tell you one which I heard so often from my mother, that I think I can repeat it word for word."

The children joyfully gathered around the old man, who passed his hands for a moment across his wrinkled brow, and began his story as follows:

PART FIRST.

My mother, and your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linen-draper, who, at the time I speak of, had been residing for three years in the Rue des Bourdonnais, close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening, having gone alone to Vespers at the Church of St. Eustace, as she was hastening home to her mother, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying her, she heard a great noise at the top of the street, and looking up, saw an immense mob hurrying along, shouting and hooting. As they were then in the midst of the troubles of the Fronde, Madeline, in alarm, hurried towards the house, and having opened the door by a latch-key, was turning to close it, when she was startled on seen behind her a woman wrapped in a black mantle, holding two children by the hand. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop, exclaiming,

"In the name of all you hold most dear, save me! Hide me and my children in some corner of your house! However helpless and unfortunate I may appear at this moment, doubt not my power to prove my gratitude to you!"

"I should want no reward for helping the distressed," said Madeline, deeply touched by the mother's agony; "but poor protection can this house afford against a brutal mob."

The stranger cast a hurried and tearful glance around; when, suddenly uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye upon part of the floor almost concealed by the shop counter, and rushing to the spot, exclaimed,

"I have it!—I have it!"

As she spoke, she lifted a trap-door contrived in the floor, opening on a stone stair-case which led to a subterranean passage; and snatching up her children in her arms, darted down into the gulf, leaving my mother stupified with astonishment. But the cries of the mob, who had, by this time, reached the shop, and were clamorously demanding admittance, roused her; and quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father, who came down in great alarm.

After a short parley, he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. The mob consisted of two or three hundred miserable, tattered wretches, who poured into the house; and, after searching every corner of it, without finding any thing, were so furious with disappointment, that they seized upon Madeline and her father!

"Deliver up to us the woman we are looking for!" they exclaimed. "She is a vile sorceress, an enemy to the citizens of Paris; she takes the part of the hated Austrian against us; she is the cause of all the famine and misery that is desolating Paris. We must have her and her children, that we may wreak just vengeance on them!"

"We know not who you mean," replied my grandfather, who, in truth, was quite ignorant of what had occurred; "we have not seen any one; no one has entered the house."

"We know how to make such obstinate old wretches speak," exclaimed one of the ringleaders. He seized my mother, and pointing a loaded pistol at her breast, cried, "The woman! we want the woman!"

At this moment, Madeline, being exactly over the trap-door, heard a slight rustle underneath; and, fearing that it would betray the stranger's hiding-place, endeavored to drown the noise from below, by stamping with her foot, while she boldly replied,

"I have no one to give up to you!"

"Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those who dare to resist us!" roared one of the infuriated mob. Tearing off her veil, he seized Madeline by the hair, and pulled her to the ground.

"Speak!" he exclaimed, "or I will drag you through the streets of Paris to the gibbet on the Place de la Greve!"

My mother uttered not a word, but silently commended herself to God. What might have been the issue, Heaven only knows, had not the citizens in that quarter, on seeing their neighbor's house attacked, hastily armed themselves, and dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to re-assure her almost fainting mother.—After which, rejoining her father, she helped him to barricade the door, so as to be prepared for any new incursion, and then began to prepare the supper as usual.

While laying the cloth, the young girl debated whether she should tell her father of the refuge afforded to the stranger by the subterraneous passage; but after a fervent prayer to God, to enable her to act for the best, she decided that it would be more prudent not to expose him to any risk arising from the possession of such a secret. Arming herself, therefore, with all the resolution she could command, she performed her usual household duties; and when her father and mother had retired to rest, and all was quiet in the house, she took off her shoes, and stealing down stairs into the shop, cautiously opened the trap-door, and entered the vault with provisions for those who already were indebted to her for life and safety.

"You are a noble girl," said the stranger to her. "What do I not owe to your heroic devotedness and presence of mind! God will reward you in Heaven, and I trust He will permit me to recompense you here below."

Madeline gazed with intense interest on the stranger, as the light of the lamp in her hand, falling full upon her face, gave to view features whose dignified and majestic expression inspired at the very first glance a feeling of respect. A long black mantle almost wholly concealed her figure, and a veil was thrown over her head.—Her children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

"Thanks for the food you have brought," said she, to Madeline. "Thanks, dear girl. As for me, I cannot eat; but my children have tasted nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave me your light; and now go; take some rest, for surely you must want it, after the excitement you have undergone."

Madeline looked at her in surprise.

"I should have thought, madam," said she, "that you would make an effort to find some asylum, if not more secure, at least more comfortable than this."

"Be not uneasy about me, my good girl.—When my time is come, it will be as easy for me to leave this place, as it was to reveal to you the secret of its existence. Good night, my child. Perhaps we may not meet again for some time; but remember, I solemnly promise that I will grant any three wishes you may form!"

She motioned to her to retire; and that indescribable air of majesty which accompanied every gesture of the unknown, seemed as if it left Madeline no choice but to obey.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, Madeline hardly slept that night. The events of the day had seized hold of her imagination, and she exhausted herself in continued and wondering conjecture. Who could this woman be, pursued by the populace, and accused of being a sorceress, and an enemy to the people? How could she know of a place of concealment of which the inhabitants of the house were ignorant? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being able to leave the vault whenever she pleased, and, above all, the solemn and mysterious promise she had made to fulfil any three wishes of the young girl.

Had you, my dear children, been in your great-grandfather's place, should you not have been very much excited and very curious? What think you? would you have slept a bit better than Madeline did? I hardly think you would, if I may judge from those eager eyes.

The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Seated behind the counter, in her usual place, she started at the slightest sound. At one moment it seemed to her as if every one who entered the shop must discover the trap-door; at the next she expected to see it raised to give egress to the unknown, till, dizzy and bewildered, she scarcely knew whether to believe her whose life she had saved to be a malignant sorceress or a benevolent fairy. Then smiling at her own folly, she asked herself how a woman, endowed with supernatural power, could need her protection. It is unnecessary to say how long the time appeared to her till she could revisit the subterranean passage, and find herself once more in the presence of the stranger. Thus the morning, the afternoon, and the evening wore slowly away, and it seemed ages to her till her father, mother, and the shopmen were fairly asleep.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, she rose, using still more precaution than on the preceding night, opened the trap-door, descended the stone staircase, and entered the subterranean passage, but found no one. She turned the light in every direction. The vault was empty; the stranger and her children had disappeared! Madeline was almost as much alarmed as surprised; however, recovering herself, she carefully examined the walls of the vault. Not an opening, not a door, not the smallest aperture was to be seen. She stamped on the ground, but no hollow sound was heard. Suddenly she thought she perceived some written characters on the stone-flag. She bent down, and by the light of her lamp read the following words, evidently traced with some pointed instrument:—"Remember, Madeline, that she who owes to thee the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes."

Here Perrault stopped.

"Well, children," said he, "what do you think of this first part of my story, and of your great-grandmother's adventures? What conjectures have you formed as to the mysterious lady?"

"She is a good fairy," said little Mary, "for she can grant three wishes, like the fairy in Finetta."

"No, she is a sorceress," objected Louisa. "Did not the people say so, and they would not have wanted to kill her unless she was wicked!"

"As for me," replied Joseph, the eldest of the family, "I believe neither in witches nor fairies, for there are no such things. Am I not right, grandpapa?"

Charles Perrault smiled, but contented himself with saying—"Now, be off to bed. It is getting late. Do not forget to pray to God to make you good children; and I promise, if you are very diligent to-morrow, to finish for you in the evening the wonderful adventures of your great-grandmother."

The children kissed their grandpapa, and went to bed to dream of Madeline and the fairy.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Selected Articles.

WATERS OF MARAH.

BY SARAH H. BROWNE.

"Waters of Marah!" thus I mused in wonder,
"Waters of Marah, have ye ceased to flow?"
Then came a tone like low and distant thunder,
Or voice of many waters, answering "No!"

"Waters of Marah," then I questioned lightly,
"Tell me, I pray ye, where beneath the sun
That shines so warmly, lovingly, and brightly,
Where do your dark and turbid currents run?"

And the hoarse voice came yet again, replying,
"Where'er are human strife and human woe,
Where chafings rage or discontent is sighing,
There do the bitter waves of Marah flow!"

Deep in the heart of Hatred are they springing—
And up they gush 'neath double tongued Deceit;
And soft where Flattery's silver chime is ringing,
They glide, with ripple marvellously sweet!

They roar and dash where man assaults his brother—
Where foes with hostile words or deeds contend;
But where to ruin one would lure another,
Mellifluous murmurs to the ear they send!

But when across the Home's dear threshold pouring,
They coldly drench the sacred hearthstone there,
Till frighted far, the dove of heaven is soaring—
Oh, how intensely bitter then they are!

For there the limpid waters of peace eternal,
Should roll with strong and ever rising tide;
There Love—parental, filial, and fraternal—
In mingling streamlets should perpetual glide!

But oh, no point of green and healthful growing
Can thrive by Marah's dark and poisonous stream;
And heart-born flowers with nectarous drops o'erflowing,
Steeped in its flood, like dregs of wormwood seem!

Ah, then beware ye hearts whose angel mission
Calls you to feed the altar flame of Home,
And make it of Earth's garden most Elysian—
Thither let not these bitter waters come!

No—wheresoe'er Affection's eye discerneth
Of Marah but a single turbid rill,
Cast in the Branch,* the healing Branch that turneth
Its angry foam to waters sweet and still!

* Exodus xv., 25.

JEFFERSON'S WINDMILL.

He sometimes figured as an inventor, himself, and on that subject, let me relate to you an anecdote which vividly portrays the character of his mind. You know he had perched his country seat on a mountain height, commanding a magnificent prospect, but exposed to the sweep of wintry winds, and not very convenient of access. Not far from Monticello, and within the bounds of his estate, was a solitary and lofty hill, so situated as to be exposed to the blast of two currents of wind, coming up through valleys on different sides of it. Mr. Jefferson thought this would be an admirable position for a wind-mill; and having recently invented a model for a saw-mill to be moved by vertical sails, he sent for an engineer and submitted to his judgment. The man of professional science examined the plan, and listened with profound attention and deference to Mr. Jefferson's explanations of it, and to his eloquent illustration of the advantages it would secure; having heard him through, and being asked by the philosopher "What he thought of it?" he replied with great sincerity, that it was a most ingenious idea, and was decidedly the best plan for a saw-mill he had ever seen. Jefferson was delighted; and forthwith entered into a written agreement for the erection of such a mill on the neighboring height. The work went bravely on; the inventor very frequently mounting his horse, and riding over to see how it proceeded. When the frame was up, and the building approached its completion, the engineer rode over to Monticello to obtain a supply of money, and to get some directions about the saws. Jefferson kept him to dinner; and when the cloth was removed and wine set upon the table, he turned to his guest, and with an air of much satisfaction, exclaimed,

"And so, Mr. ——, you like my mill?"

"I do, sir, indeed, very much; it is certainly one of the greatest improvements in the construction of a saw-mill I ever witnessed."

"You think the sails are so hung that it cannot fail to work well?"

"Certainly; it must work, it can't help it."

"And there's always a wind upon that hill; if it does not come up one valley, it is sure to come up the other; and the hill is so high and steep that there is nothing to interrupt the full sweep of the wind, come which way it will. You think then, on the whole, that the thing cannot fail of complete success?"

"I should think so, sir, but for one thing."

"Ah! what's that?"

"I have been wondering in my own mind, how you are to *get up your saw-logs*."

Jefferson threw up his hands and eyes; "I never thought of that!" The mill was abandoned, of course.—*Home Gazette.*

A LONG TAIL.—The tail of the great comet of 1680, immediately after its perihelion passage, was found by Newton to have been no less than 20,000,000 of leagues in length, and to have *occupied only two days in its emission* from the comet's body! a decisive proof this of its being darted forth by some active force, the origin of which, to judge from the direction of the tail, must be sought in the sun itself.

LORD BROUGHAM AND PATRICK HENRY.

The *Worcester Spy* publishes the following communication, (ascribed to Mr. Charles Sumner, of Boston,) connecting the families of Lord Brougham and Patrick Henry:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We do not care much, on this side of the Atlantic, about descent and consanguinity, those questions so important to aristocracies and horse-breeders on the other side; yet we cannot but feel some little interest in the coincidence that Patrick Henry, the orator of our Revolution, and Henry Brougham, the orator of British Reform, derive their origin and their genius from the same source. Patrick Henry was the son of a Scotchman. His grandmother was sister to Dr. Robertson, the celebrated Scottish historian; and Henry Brougham's grandmother, wife of Rev. Robert Syme, of Alloa, Scotland, was also a sister to the distinguished author of the "History of America." The union of Lord Brougham's father and mother was rather fortuitous and romantic, and a short notice of it may interest your readers. Mr. Brougham, the father of the future Lord Chancellor, was travelling to assuage a grief, said to be occasioned by a disappointment of the heart. He visited Edinburgh, the most splendid and romantic of British cities; and while strolling upon the Calton Hill, on the first day of his visit, he was so stricken with the appearance of the river that rolled below him; with the green islets on its bosom, like emeralds set in gold; and with the magnificent mountain and Campagna scenery, that he determined to sojourn there some time, and casually asked a gentleman with whom he fell into conversation, if he could recommend to him a quiet, respectable lodging.

The stranger led him to Mrs. Syme's, at the Cowgate Head, where he soon became enamored of the widow's only daughter, Eleanor; and in due time took her to wife. The Cowgate is now the veriest purlieu of Edinburgh, where all the most wretched Irish vegetate; and where a species of manners prevails that would do no discredit to the *haut ton* of Pandemonium. In one of the old, grim, rough-looking dwellings of this street did Lord Brougham's father and mother spend the first few months of their wedded life, previous to their removal to No. 7 North St. Andrew Street, where Henry and his brothers were born.

I visited this house in the Cowgate. It was then used as a carrier's office, and also as a tavern. The entrance was literally through a narrow orifice in the black wall, and by an abrupt flight of stone steps. Over this gap in the façade of the building, was a signboard, with a profile painted on it, said to be that of George the Third. It was remarkable only for the splendor of its robes, and the canine character of its phrenological developments. The street, when I stood on it, was redolent with miasma, and vocal with the brawling and bawling tongues of Irish rioters and Irish coster-mongers. And was it here Brougham's melancholy father sought retirement and peace, and found love? said I, looking round me with a smile. The policeman now goes there to *keep peace*, and he often finds the weight of brickbats and blackthorn for his trouble; *sic transit*, &c.

Is it not worthy of remark, that we owe our two greatest orators, Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, to that nation from which sprang Fletcher, of Saltoun, Brougham and Francis Jeffrey?

The Cosmopolitan Brougham, whom that quizzical little Mr. Punch has presented to the world in such a multitude of aspects, certainly deserves a welcome to our shores, which he proposes to visit, should his health permit him, not only on account of his early attachment to democratic principles, but on account of his relationship to the Demosthenes of American Liberty.

EXEMPTION OF THE JEWS FROM CHOLERA.

A report of the London Board of Health, drawn up for a committee of the House of Commons, is filled with strange and interesting statistics concerning the mysterious diseases. To one incident recorded in its pages, we will venture to draw the attention of our readers. When the cholera was raging in London some twelve years ago, it was frequently remarked by the newspapers that the Jews were strangely exempt from the disease. The reports were considered as idle rumors, and frequently contradicted; but it now appears that out of over 20,000 of the chosen people, besides 2,000 Portuguese, only thirteen cases of cholera occurred, and the same immunity was observable during the epidemic of 1832. These people, too, it must be observed, inhabit, for the most part, the foulest and most unhealthy portion of the metropolis.

How is such a fortunate exemption to be accounted for? It has never been supposed, we believe, that any superior morality on the part of the Hebrews entitled them to special favors; nor as a class have they generally been exempt from a full share of suffering and persecution.

The lower classes of Jews, however poor they may be, never crowd more than one family into the same room; whereas, among the lower orders of other communities—especially the Irish—several families "pig together" in one apartment.

Again the Jews, as a class, are not given to the abuse of intoxicating liquors. One of the commissioners of inquiry says, "I have had, during the last years, much intercourse with the Jews, and I cannot recall to mind a single instance of drunkenness in any family I have visited.

In virtue of their religion, they are particular in their food. All shell-fish is avoided, and the meat exposed for sale is inspected; and if any disease is found, it is condemned. Sabbath rest is, for the most part, strictly observed.

INSTINCT IN A BIRD.—Once when travelling in Tennessee, Wilson was struck with the manner in which the habits of the pennated grouse are adapted to its residence on dry, sandy plains. One of them was kept there in a cage, having been caught alive in a trap. It was observed that the bird never drank, and seemed rather to avoid the water; but a few drops one day falling upon the cage, and trickling down the bars, the bird drank them with great dexterity, and an eagerness that showed she was suffering with thirst. The experiment was then made whether she would drink under other circumstances, and though she lived entirely on dry Indian corn, the cup of water in the cage was for a whole week untasted and untouched; but the moment water was sprinkled on the bars, she drank it eagerly as before. It occurred to him at once, that in the natural haunts of the bird, the only water it could procure was from *the drops of rain and dew*.

For Housekeepers.

COMMENTS ON FORMER RECEIPTS.—"Mrs. Madison's whim" is quite a whim indeed; besides its want of economy, the compound of the cake is enough to provoke dyspepsia; and the brandy is well calculated to arouse the lurking appetite of the reformed inebriate.

And then the "kisses," I would rather have one warm living one from the lips of a good husband or child, than the whole of them, and "the Alphiteria," too. Depend upon it mothers and girls, if you do much at such work, you will have little time for the education of your children, or the cultivation of your mind. Please, Emily, do not send any more receipts calculated to cause weak ones to stumble.

If L. P. C. has met with nothing better she may try the following:

METHOD OF REMOVING GREASE SPOTS FROM FLOORING.—Pour on soft soap till the spot is thickly covered, add cold ashes till the soap will not run, leave it an hour, then scrub well with cold water and sand. Repeat once if necessary.

If this should fail of entirely obliterating the odious spot, exercise a little mental philosophy in the reflection that the spot is clean enough to set a foot on. We women are too much enslaved by grease spots and similar things.—*Correspondent of Ohio Cultivator.*

TO CLEAN THE INSIDE OF JARS.—There is frequently some trouble in cleaning the inside of jars that have had sweet meats, pickles, mince-meat, or other articles put in them for keeping, and that when empty are wanted for farther use. This can be done in a few minutes without scraping or soaking, by filling up the jars with hot water, (it need not be scalding hot,) and then stirring in a tea-spoonfull or more of pearlash. Whatever of the former contents has remained sticking about the sides and bottom of the jar will immediately be seen to disengage itself, and float loose through the water. Then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odor remains about it, fill it again with warm water and pearlash, and let it stand undisturbed a few hours, or till next day; then empty it again, and rinse it with cold water. Wash phials in the same manner. Also, the insides of kettles, or anything which you wish to purify or clear from grease expeditiously and completely. If you cannot conveniently obtain pearlash, the same purpose may be answered nearly as well, by filling the vessels with strong ley, poured off clear from the wood-ashes. For kegs, buckets, crocks, or other very large vessels, ley may be always used.

MAKING CANDLES.—Prepare small wicks of the best wick yarn, and, after being prepared, completely saturate them in clear spirits of turpentine, then dry them thoroughly, before the tallow is applied. Candles made in this way will burn much clearer and last much longer than without the spirits of turpentine.

Agricultural.

REDUCING THE FOOD OF CATTLE BEFORE GIVING IT.

As I have just concluded the experiments you wished, I hasten to forward to you the results, which are as follows: Two horses, in good health, in daily work, and, as nearly as possible, equal in size and age, were selected for the experiment. They were each allowed 5 lbs. of oats, 42 lbs. per bushel, and a sufficiency of good hay, of which they consumed about 17 lbs. per diem, each horse. The only difference in feeding consisted in one horse having the oats thoroughly crushed, and the other being allowed the oats uncrushed. On the fourth day of the above mode of feeding, the solid excrements of each horse were examined. One hundred parts of the dung from the horse fed on crushed oats were found to be deprived of all the nutritious matter contained in the food, and to consist of woody fibre, mixed with the animal secretions and some salts; while 100 parts of the dung from the horse fed on uncrushed oats, were found to contain ½ per cent. of nutritive matter, consisting of starch and gluten, which had not been acted on by the stomach, mixed with the ordinary constituents of the solid excrements of the animal,—this arising from the inability of the horse to perform perfect mastication, and must vary with circumstances, such as age and rapidity of feeding. The same horses were then fed with cut and uncut food, consisting of hay cut into chaff, and hay uncut. At the expiration of the third day, the excrements were examined, but no chemical difference in their composition was detected; the food, in both instances, was found to be equally exhausted of its nutritive matter. The shorter period occupied by the horse in filling its stomach, and consequently greater amount of rest obtained, and the means of mixing food and preventing waste by cutting it into chaff, requires no observation from me, but will be material points in this mode of feeding.

MEETINGS OF FARMERS.

It is amusing to see the course pursued at some of these meetings by men who are not very well skilled in farming, but who take the opportunity afforded by large meetings to make a display, and show how much money they are expending to no profit.

It is all very well for men who have money enough, to lay it out in ornamenting and beautifying the country. Producing farmers are not injured by this display, provided they are not led to copy and imitate any extravagance they may witness in their travels. But some of the speakers who have never made any nett profit by farming, are continually telling others how they ought to manage their farms,—and there are farmers who are led astray by such talk.

To show how absurd it would be to follow in the track of those who only expend money on farms, we need but to invite attention to the resolution of one of the speakers in the State House at the meeting last week, as reported in the papers. He there stated that he should change his whole course. He is now satisfied that lime will do more good in the sea than on land—that plaster is not a very good article for farmers, and that he intends to follow the course pointed out to him by Professor Johnston, of Scotland.—Should all the hearers of this speaker turn as short a corner, we know not what would become of the farming interest of New England. A foreigner who never saw a hill of corn growing in his own country, is to teach us how to grow corn—and a man from a wheat growing country is to make our Massachusetts farmers rely on a wheat crop and turnips.

At the meeting in the State House last week, the Lieutenant Governor (Cushman) spoke in a very different strain, and instead of advising farmers to look for everything valuable, to foreign writers, he thought our American Agricultural papers should be encouraged, as "they had been read by hundreds of thousands of our farmers, and with most salutary effect."—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

FISH AS MANURE.—Dr. Hunter, of England, who, besides being an eminent physician, was equally distinguished, in his day, as a practical farmer, and agricultural writer, in speaking of the virtues of fish as a manure, says:

"What remains after the oil is gotten from the whale blubber by boiling water, has been found of a rich quality. In some parts of Cornwall, they manure their lands with pilchards in a plentiful season, *and find that no manure equals them in richness*."

There can be no question that fish composted, would prove not only a quick and efficient manure, but a lasting one also—and we, therefore, sincerely hope, that the owners of water-farms, where the fishes are to be caught in large quantities, will make the necessary preparations to catch and compost them the ensuing Spring. Should they do so, and husband the volatile portions of their constituent parts, we feel assured that their experiments will result not only in present, but in future profits—that by a single full dressing they may raise their lands to the highest state of production; and that, by adopting a judicious course of rotation, and subsequent care, they may keep them so.

NEW ENGLAND.—New England is capable of sustaining three times its present number of inhabitants. Some may think this a bold assertion. I have not the statistics before me to prove it but I have no hesitation in repeating it. Massachusetts alone might sustain twice her present population, if all her improvable lands should be cultivated. Her soil is, indeed, rough and hard; but if her young men, who seek a freer and more easily cultivated soil in the West, or who waste their energies in cities with the idle expectation of a rapid fortune in mercantile pursuits, would remain within her borders, reclaim her bog meadows, and make some of her rough places plain; and be willing to enjoy her civil, literary and religious institutions, I cannot but think they would be able to add much to her wealth as a State, and secure to themselves as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of humanity.—*Buckingham's Address before the Franklin County Agricultural Society.*

PRODUCTION OF CARROTS.—It is estimated that upwards of 100,000 bushels of carrots have been raised in this town the present season. The average price is 12 cents per bushel; thus the neat little sum of $12,000 is pocketed by the producers and traders. When it is known that this large quantity of vegetables is raised as a second crop from land on which large crops of onions have been raised, it will be seen that it is no small item in the amount of vegetable production. As carrots are considered nearly equal to oats for horses and neat cattle, and being much cheaper, they are in great demand. Several large cargoes have this season been shipped to New York and other places. Many bushels are also annually transported to distances from thirty to sixty miles in wagons.—*Bristol Phenix.*

TO CURE SCRATCHES ON HORSES' FEET.—Mr. Lewis Pryon, of Erin, Georgia, furnishes the "Southern Cultivator" with the following recipe:—

Wash the feet well with warm soap-suds, wipe them dry, sprinkle finely pulverized blue-stone over the raw places, then give a good coat of copal varnish, turn the animal on a dry pasture or a lot a few hours, and you will have no more trouble with it. I cured a case of long standing the first trial.

The Olio.

A SATISFACTORY REPLY.—The following neatly turned lines, entitled, "A Satisfactory Explanation," were communicated to the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, by a clever poet, who writes over the signature of "Vistor:"

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a day?
I frankly answer, only once;
And mean, just what I say.
You seem perplexed, and somewhat hurt,
But wait, and hear the rhyme:
Pray, how can one do, more than once,
What one does *all the time*?

FOLLOW YOUR CALLING.—Oh ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for, however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading you to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel, let neither obstacles nor temptations induce ye to leave it; bound along if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it, perish in it, if needful; but ye need not fear that; NO ONE EVER YET DIED IN THE TRUE PATH OF HIS CALLING BEFORE HE HAD ATTAINED THE PINNACLE. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A father sits by the chimney post,
On a Winter's day, enjoying a *roast*;
By his side is a maiden—young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father, stern and cold,
With a question of duty, trite and old;
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single—which is best?"

Then the sire of this maiden young and fair—
This girl with the wealth of the golden hair,
He answered as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty, trite and old:
"She who weddeth, keeps God's letter,
She who weds not, doeth better."

Then meekly answered the maiden fair—
The girl with the wealth of golden hair:
"I will keep the sense of the holy letter,
Content to do well, *without doing better*."

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of it again. Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride—and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not often invite your friends to jaunt, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion at least of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By doing so, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection.

CHARACTER.—A mis-step may destroy life. One sin may ruin your character. Did you ever reflect on the consequences of a single indulgence in vice? The best men have fallen through the suggestions of another. How careful should you be, while in the freshness of your days, lest a blight fall upon your character and ruin you for ever. Abstain from the appearance of evil. If invited to places of resort, where it is difficult to decide, take the safe course, stay away, and save your reputation. This is a jewel of inestimable value—too precious to be put in jeopardy. No man ever regrets that he kept aloof from temptation, and to the close of life he expresses his joy that he was saved from a path of shame by giving a decided negative, when the voice of pleasure beckoned him on. Be decided, and you will be safe. Yield, and you may be lost. Watch with diligence, and guard every avenue through which sin may reach you. In no other way will you be sure to overcome the evil of the world.

A GREAT SPLASH.—Three or four little boys, with aprons on, stood on the curb-stone in Chesnut Street. The water of the gutter was dammed up, to enable the workmen to make some repairs, and there was quite a dirty puddle extending across the street.

One of the little boys cried out at the top of his voice, "Now, see what a great splash I will make."

In he went with a bold flourish; but half way across there was a hole, made by taking out a large paving stone, and suddenly plunging into this, down he went into the muddy water, and came out in a hurry, well soaked, and not a little chagrined at the issue of his great splash.

When boys or men call upon bystanders to see what a great splash they will make, it is not a rare thing to find them, shortly after, creeping out of a mud hole.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

CONSOLATION FOR THE PERSECUTED.—"Should the Empress," says Chrysostom, in his epistle to Cyriacus, "determine to banish me, 'the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' If she will cast me into the sea, let her cast me into the sea; I will remember Jonah. If she will throw me into a burning fiery furnace; the three children were there before. If she will throw me to the wild beasts; I will remember that Daniel was in the den of lions. If she will condemn me to be stoned; I shall be the associate of Stephen the proto-martyr. If she will have me beheaded; the Baptist has submitted to the same punishment. If she will take away my substance; 'naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.'"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 1, 8, 38, 27, is a county in Arkansas.
My 2, 11, 6, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 33, 17, 14, is a county in Illinois.
My 4, 13, 18, 33, 29, 26, 25, is a county in Kentucky.
My 5, 12, 20, 27, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 6, 37, 33, 29, 26, 14, is a county in Missouri.
My 7, 30, 32, 20, 28, is a county in Arkansas.
My 8, 2, 37, 26, 35, 3, is a county in North Carolina.
My 9, 23, 14, 31, 14, is a county in Tennessee.
My 10, 22, 36, 23, 37, 26, is a county in Georgia.
My 11, 21, 17, 27, 24, 26, 15, is a county in Vermont.
My 12, 24, 37, 26, 14, is a county in Tennessee.
My 13, 19, 29, 5, 26, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 2, 28, 39, 33, 17, is a county in Kentucky.
My 15, 11, 19, 34, 9, 15, 27, 31, is a county in Maine.
My 16, 24, 20, 3, 26, is a town in Ohio.
My 17, 32, 22, 26, is a county in Florida.
My 18, 32, 23, 29, 9, 37, is a town in New York.
My 19, 37, 12, 5, 22, 33, 17, is a county in Maryland.
My 20, 24, 31, 26, 37, 33, 17, is a county in Georgia.
My 21, 37, 33, 17, 6, is a county in Missouri.
My 22, 28, 13, 32, 33, 3, is a county in New York.
My 23, 31, 9, 20, 11, 26, is a county in Ohio.
My 24, 17, 33, 5, 26, is a county in Kentucky.
My 25, 2, 32, 14, 26, 18, is a county in Virginia.
My 26, 37, 15, 36, is a county in North Carolina.
My 27, 1, 6, 3, 10, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 28, 29, 11, 33, 24, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 29, 26, 35, 39, 33, 33, is a county in Michigan.
My 30, 24, 33, 18, is a county in Missouri.
My 31, 29, 28, 1, 24, 39, is a county in Mississippi.
My 32, 37, 28, 11, 26, is a county in Michigan.
My 33, 29, 35, 37, 26, is a county in Illinois.
My 34, 24, 15, 29, 5, 26, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 35, 37, 17, 33, 29, 24, is a county in Ohio.
My 36, 24, 11, 5, 21, 25, 39, is the capital of one of the Southern States.
My 37, 23, 28, 34, 9, 6, 21, is a county in Virginia.
My 38, 22, 4, 28, 5, 9, is a county in Indiana.
My 39, 31, 23, 26, 17, 29, 5, 36, is a county in Illinois.
My whole is one of the most useful inventions of the nineteenth century. A—w M—N.
New Lisbon, Ohio.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man purchased a field, whose length was to its breadth as ten to seven. The number of dollars paid per acre was equal to one and five-eighths times the number of rods in the length of the field; and the number of dollars given for the whole was equal to twenty-six and thirteen-seventeenths times the number of rods in the semi-periphery of the field. From these data, what are the length and breadth of the said field? C. WALTEMEYER.
Stewartstown, York Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first makes all nature to wear the same face,
In my second is music, and beauty, and grace;
And if this charade is not quickly said,
My whole you deserve to have thrown at your head.
Montpelier, Vt. L. F.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is education like a tailor?
Ans.—It forms our habits.

☞ Why is a fool like a large cask?
Ans.—He is a butt.

☞ Why is a poet like a toy?
Ans.—He is devoted to a muse, and delights in fancy. (*Amuse—In fancy.*)

☞ What is majesty when divested of its externals?
Ans.—A jest.

☞ If you see three pigeons on a roost, and shoot two, how many will remain?
Ans.—None—as the third will fly away.

☞ Why is a schoolmaster like the letter C?
Ans.—He forms lasses into classes.

☞ What is that that belongs to yourself, yet is used by every body?
Ans.—Your name.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
SIR ROBERT KANE, PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.

PROBLEM.—[illegible] acres.

CHARADE.—WORKMANSHIP.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

One of the cords used in letting down the curtain of Night.

A piece of rope with which the last piece of music was executed.